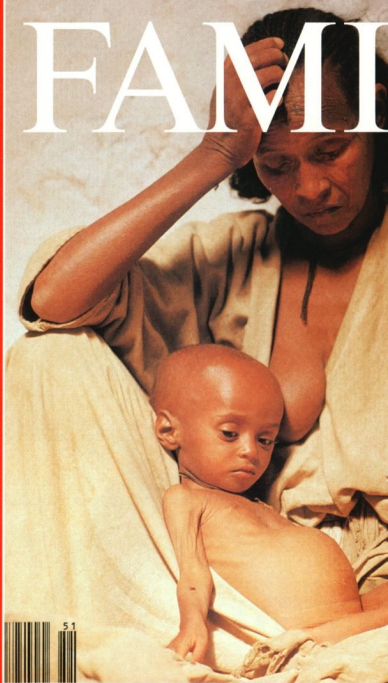


DECEMBER 21, 1987

TIM FAMILY



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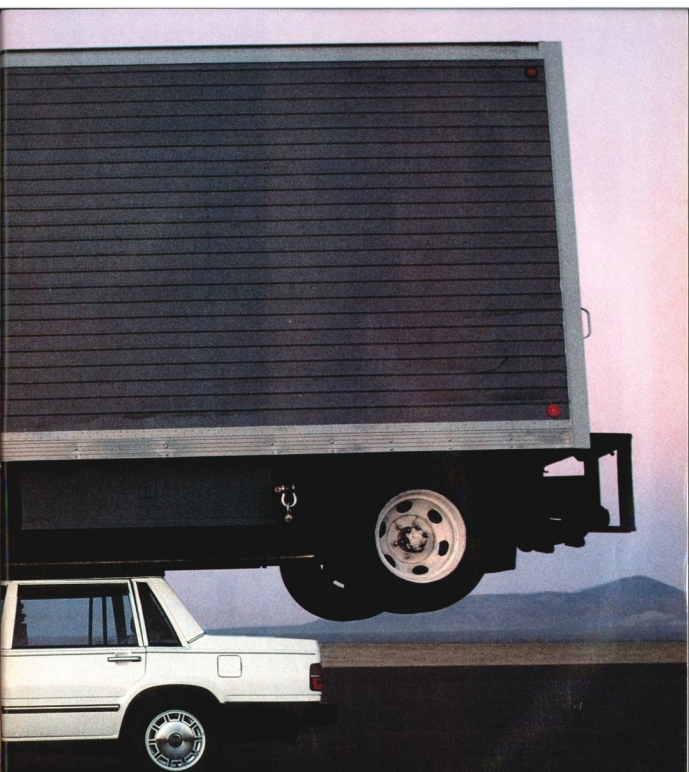
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100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.

Lowest of all brands is Carlton Box
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COVER: Famine again stalks Ethiopia, 34 and the West wrestles with the aid dilemma

At least 6 million people are threatened by starvation as another drought grips the impoverished East African nation. Thousands of peasants trek across parched landscapes in search of food—recalling the apocalyptic images that filled television screens three years ago. ► What should be done when aid to the starving benefits those who made them starve? See **WORLD**.



NATION: At the summit, smiles surmount 16 continuing disputes over substance

Although it produced no new arms-control breakthroughs, Mikhail Gorbachev's dazzling visit to Washington seemed to herald a new and more personable phase in the 40-year struggle between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. ► Vivacious and voluble, Raisa Gorbachev upstages Nancy Reagan. ► San Francisco's newly elected mayor, Art Agnos, faces daunting problems.



BOOKS: The holiday shelf glistens with 64 varied and richly illustrated treasures

From a three-volume set on Chinese painting and calligraphy that costs, yes, \$850 to a \$14.95 paperback on vintage radios, from America's quilts and the world's water birds to the Hebrew Bible in medieval illuminated manuscripts, this season's readings celebrate the realms of art, faith, nature and entertainment in varied, sumptuous style.



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A new show in Chicago confirms Germany's Anselm Kiefer, 42, as the best painter of his generation on either side of the Atlantic.</p> | <p>74
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A half-century ago, Paul Nitze joined the great debate over how America should use its power. Nearly 81, he is still a key player.</p> | <p>Cover: Photograph by William Campbell</p> |

THE PRICE OF GOING AFTER AN OLYMPIC DREAM

Scot Gregory and Suzy Semanick, like most aspiring Olympians, are no strangers to the word "commitment." When they were growing up—Scot in Skaneateles, N.Y. and Suzy in Bridgeville, Penn.—commitment meant long afternoons and weekends at the local rinks. Now it means putting off college and careers to pursue a strenuous regimen of training and international competition.

The two began skating together in 1985, and are currently ranked as America's national ice dancing champions. Even so, only two ice-dancing couples will skate for the U.S. in the 1988 Winter Games at Calgary—and competition will be fierce. A veteran of the 1984 Games at Sarajevo, Scot realizes the importance of another kind of commitment: "What Suzy and I can't lose sight of is that we're a team. We're not going anywhere without each other," he says.

An emotional and physical partnership

By its very nature, the sport of ice-dancing demands that partners be in both physical and mental synchronicity. Shared timing is only half the battle. Admits Scot, "You take some nasty falls. When one goes, you both go." Even more importantly, he says, "You really have to get along well, because the emotions of the dancers are a big part of giving a dramatic performance. It can be tough, because the thing that makes a partnership in the beginning is talent, while your feelings for each other are only secondary. But if the feelings don't develop later on, you're in trouble."

Fortunately for Scot and Suzy, their feelings "clicked" during their first trial dance together. "Everything fit," recalls Suzy, 20, who was national junior champion in 1983. "All the stylistic stuff—hip lines, hair color, height. And we just liked each other. We do everything together now, whether it's working out or shopping at the grocery store. Scot's my best friend."

Daily practice a necessary ritual

Under the direction of their coach, former National Pair Skating Champion Ron Ludington, the two are constantly practicing, perfecting and refining their routines. Their day typically starts at

7:30 a.m., when they go to the University of Delaware's Newark campus rink and skate until 2:30—followed by a rigorous Nautilus workout.

Attention to their craft extends to seeking guidance from sports psychologists and ballet instructors. The sports psychologist "has been telling Scot and I to take advantage of our time together off the rink. Now, if we have a bad day, we'll talk about the things we forgot or didn't execute properly," says Suzy. Pennsylvania Ballet dance masters Bo and Stephanie Spasoff have been brought in to critique the duo's movements, "because this year, the judges seem to be looking for more of a sophisticated, European feel, with an emphasis on clean lines and long, extended positions," Scot says. He adds: "It's a challenge because we're both pretty short. Last year, when the focus was on quicker, more constant movement, we were more in our natural element."

Financing a dream

The National Championships in Denver this January will determine whether Scot and Suzy will be Olympians. Victory could mean the fulfillment of a dream, especially for Suzy, who would be competing in the Games for the first time. "I decided I wanted to go to the Olympics when I was a five-year-old on roller skates," she says. "I only switched to the ice when somebody told me they didn't have any roller-skating at the Olympics."

For her parents—Joseph Semanick, a steelworker and Rosalie Semanick, a seamstress—their daughter's Olympic dream has meant the yearly

equivalent of tuition at an expensive private college. Suzy's training costs alone run in excess of \$20,000 a year. For Bill Gregory, an airline pilot, and wife Bayne, a physical education teacher, Scot's ambitions have also

meant financial sacrifice. This year, however, both Scot and Suzy will benefit from one of the United States Olympic Committee's (USOC) many vehicles for channeling public contributions to athletes in need. As top-ranking Olympic hopefuls, they qualify for assistance from the USOC's Performance Enhancement Program. This \$5 million program grants funds directly to 37 National Governing Bodies (NGBs) which



The 1987 Senior Ice Dancing Champions
Scot Gregory and Suzy Semanick head for the Olympics—a dream made possible for them through public and private donations to the USOC.

select U.S. team members for Olympic sports. NGBs give the money to athletes on an "as needed" basis during the final days before the Olympics. These funds can be used for anything from additional rink time to apartment rent.

Scot and Suzy have faced disappointment in the past. At the 1986 National Championships, they lost despite giving what they felt was one of their best performances. "That one really hurt," says Suzy. "But when we got going again a few weeks later, nothing could stop us."

With that kind of commitment going for them, the two may be an unbeatable Olympic combination in 1988.

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A Letter from the Publisher

Aug. 24, 1985. Three journalists are waiting in an airport lounge. The voice of an anchorman floats from a flickering television screen: "The Kremlin's new leader remains a mystery..." As his words fade, the three men, all TIME editors, board a flight for Moscow on their way to the first interview that Mikhail Gorbachev granted to any Western journalists.

Cut. Print. The editors were played by actors, but the scene was based on fact. It was re-enacted for a 30-second television commercial that will be launched this week in 20 cities. The first of three such TV spots, it ends with a simple reminder: "Week after week, there's no substitute for TIME."

The magazine has had a number of advertising campaigns over the years, but this one is different. The basic message: We know you watch the evening news and read the newspapers. You probably feel saturated, even overwhelmed with information. Well, TIME is not just another medium. While television and newspapers give you a glimpse of the news, TIME digests it all, then tells you what happened, in a framework that goes beyond the clutter to make sense of the world. Thanks in part to the clout of our 29 million readers and the unique relationship we have with them, the magazine has unparalleled access to the



Moscow bound: a spot directed by Tony Scott, inset

people who shape the news. Raisa Gorbachev, in Washington last week, pronounced herself a regular reader.

Our new TV campaign deals only with actual stories. A second commercial will show broadcast reports of a presidential candidate's withdrawal, newspaper headlines about church scandals, and shots of reporters mobbing the latest figure in a Wall Street insider-trading scheme. These disparate events were connected and given perspective earlier this year in a TIME cover story, "What Ever Happened to Ethics." A third spot will show how TIME went beyond the headlines of

the Wall Street crash to examine America's leadership crisis.

The new commercials are the work of a team headed by Robert Cox, a Young & Rubicam executive. "Our not so subtle message is that if you're not reading TIME, you're missing something," he says. Directed by Tony Scott, the prizewinning Briton who made *Top Gun* and *Beverly Hills Cop II*, the images are fashioned to convey the same idea: the energy, intelligence, excitement and authority that go into each issue of TIME.

Robert L. Miller

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EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW

A CNN documentary on TIME's Man of the Year.

Who will be TIME's Man of the Year for 1987? This year, CNN viewers will get a special preview in a fast-moving 30-minute documentary.

"Man of the Year"

Saturday, Dec. 26, 7:30 p.m. EST

Sunday, Dec. 27, 10:30 p.m. Pacific Time



"Man of the Year" will explore the world of the man or woman chosen by TIME as "the person who has done the most to affect our world for good or ill" in 1987.

Who's your choice for Man of the Year? TIME's editors have made theirs—now watch CNN's special preview to see if you agree.



Letters

Abusing Liquor

To the Editors:

As I approach the end of a year of sobriety, I give thanks for having been released from the prison of alcohol [MEDICINE, Nov. 30]. I am a Roman Catholic priest who has undergone treatment for alcoholism and recovered. I shared this experience with my parish and received only support and encouragement. My new life was given to me by a couple of parishioners who had the courage to confront me with my destructive behavior.

(The Rev.) Michael E. Evernden, C.S.P.
Seattle



The notion that people are helpless victims whose harmful behavior can be explained in terms of biochemistry takes all responsibility away from the individual. Regardless of genetic factors, the inescapable fact is that abstainers will never be alcoholics.

Steven Tiger
Monroe, N.Y.

My alcoholism drove away two wives and a daughter over a five-year span. Fortunately, my third wife is helping me avoid the dangers of this disease and understand its source. I saw myself in your article, but, thank goodness, I am on the road to recovery.

Thomas Eldon Most
Lakeland, Fla.

This past summer a young European spent two months in California as the guest of an upper-middle-class family with two teenagers. When he was leaving, I asked him what had impressed him most during his first visit to the U.S. He surprised me when he replied, "The unbelievable amount of drinking by young people at parties."

Otto A. Mower
Spring Valley, Calif.

I am appalled by the grammatical error on your cover. The sentence should read, "This is one of the 18 million Ameri-

cans who has a drinking problem." The word one is singular and must have a singular verb. Shame on you!

Lynne C. Miller
Ringoos, N.J.

Be careful. Have is correct. An easy way to test the verb is to invert the sentence: "Of the 18 million Americans who have a drinking problem, this is one."

I am 73 years old and feel pretty good. Yet I may have a malignant tumor growing in my body or fall victim to a myocardial infarction. But I know one thing: I will not be stricken by alcoholism. Why? Because I do not drink.

Fritz Strömqvist
Norrköping, Sweden

Man of the Year?

Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev deserves your nod for creating a social revolution that is being felt worldwide.

Louis I. Daitchman
Skokie, Ill.

Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, who has given the American public a much needed sex-education course and taken the condom out of the closet.

Susan M. Carlucci
Jericho, N.Y.

Lieut. Colonel Oliver North, a patriot.
Shirley Lindblom
Fargo, N. Dak.

The real hero is Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, who presided over the Iran-contra hearings and for whom the Constitution is the highest law of the country.

Martin Mayer
Miami Beach

Daniel Ortega Saavedra, Nicaragua's patient and unflappable leader.

Steve Shemin
Holland, Pa.

South African State President P.W. Botha for his fearless stand against Communism. He is not fooled by the détente offered by the Soviets.

Margaret M. Lloyd
Weston-super-Mare, England

Donna Rice, Jessica Hahn and Fawn Hall because of their memorable contributions to this year's news. What would we have done without them?

Matthew J. Harrington
Hoboken, N.J.

The Wright Way

Hugh Sidey's observations about Speaker of the House Jim Wright [NATION, Nov. 30] may have some validity. However, when our President does not have the foggiest concept of the problems stemming from poverty, when he fails to uphold our laws by tacitly allowing

the sale of weapons to Iran, and when he appears disdainful of the Central American peace plan, then I lead Speaker Wright for breaking protocol.

Richard T. Baumrann
Atascocita, Texas

Bugatti the Frenchman

Le Patron, Ettore Bugatti, must be spinning in his grave like a crankshaft in one of his automobiles [WORLD, Nov. 30]. You refer to his Bugatti Royale as Italian. These cars were made in Molsheim, France, a suburb of Strasbourg. Despite Bugatti's Italian origin, his autos wore French racing blue in competition. Louis Chevrolet, founder of that marque, was born in Switzerland, yet no one considers Chevies to be Swiss cars.

David M. Kinchen
Van Nuys, Calif.

Timely Profiles

Now that you have kicked off your new section with Sir James Goldsmith [PROFILE, Nov. 23], perhaps you will want to follow with Attila the Hun or Don Corleone. When it comes to greed and immoral behavior, there is not much difference among them. Why didn't you portray Jimmy as the greedy, arrogant and self-righteous scoundrel he is? No, you depict him as eccentric, brilliant and lucky.

Gaylon H. White
Eden Prairie, Minn.

I was happy to see that you will now have a Profile section. I began reading TIME nearly a quarter-century ago, and I take the phrase Weekly Newsmagazine literally. Profile is in line with the tradition and roots of the magazine.

Michael Frysinger
Lima, Ohio

Big Apple's Sour Grapes

As press secretary to New York City Mayor Ed Koch, I am accustomed to the occasional journalistic hatchet job, but your piece called "Troubled Times for Hizzoner" [NATION, Nov. 30] is unprecedented. There is no sign of our administration's remarkable accomplishments except for your shrugging off New York's recovery from near bankruptcy in 1975 to become one of the soundest cities financially in America.

In addition, you ignored the mayor's decision to use our capital budget in a ten-year, \$4.2 billion program to build or rehabilitate 252,000 units of affordable housing. Nor did you discuss our pioneering effort to remove the gravely disabled, mentally ill homeless from the streets. And surely the decisions by the New York Yankees and the Dreyfus Corp. to remain in New York City do not fit the corporate "exodus" theme set forth by you. The untimeliness of your conclusions about the mayor's own political fortunes

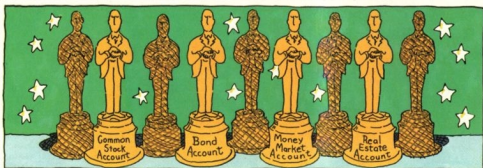
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The Prudential 

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5th gear in the BMW 325is at two-thirds engine speed is 100 mph.*

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One "fitted with as sweet an en-

gine as BMW has ever built" (Car and Driver magazine).

One whose competition-tuned suspension, anti-lock brake system and functional aerodynamics were designed for the rigors of autobahn and Alpine driving.

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After all, if this is the kind of reliability and endurance the BMW 325is can offer in the land of no speed limits, imagine what it will be like in a 55-mph world.

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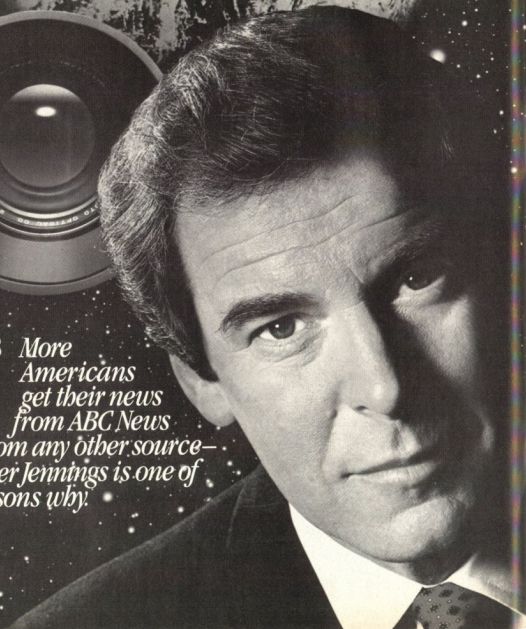
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WORLD
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ABC
NEWS.



*More
Americans
get their news
from ABC News
than from any other source—
and Peter Jennings is one of
the reasons why!*



Letters

makes any genuine journalist wince. The voters, of course, are not so naive as TIME is about government and politics.

*George Arzt
New York City*

Your article on New York City was a balanced, judicious account of the problems of Mayor Koch. I have noticed that hiszoners are constantly retaliatory with his critics among the public, the press and even his fellow politicians. This supreme ceremonialist will doubtless continue his act, but I wish he would leave center stage to make room for a real administrator.

*R. Joseph Novogrod
New York City*

Volkswagen Quits the U.S.

In your article on the closing of Volkswagen's Westmoreland, Pa., plant [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Nov. 30], you say U.S. sales of Volkswagens have plunged from 162,005 autos in 1981 to 73,920 last year. These figures are for sales of units built in the U.S. Sales of Volkswagens coming into this country have increased over 74% during that period—not as bleak a picture as you painted.

*James R. Fuller, Vice President
Volkswagen U.S., Inc.
Troy, Mich.*

From Maine to Florida

The northern end of Interstate 95 is not at all like the road you describe [AMERICAN SCENE, Nov. 30]. In Maine, from Augusta to its northern terminus, I-95 is a beautiful drive. From Bangor north to Houlton, a distance of some 120 miles, nothing spoils the vistas of trees, hills and lakes. About the only man-made structures the motorist sees are two rest areas.

*Robert Stuart
Wethersfield, Conn.*

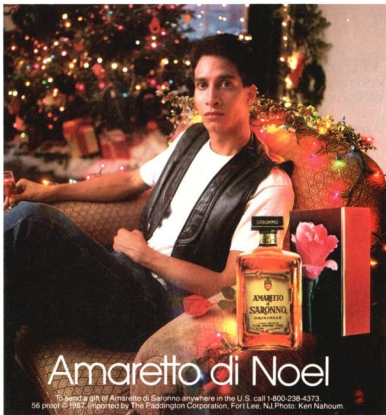
You refer to the South with insults ("the land of American fried") and condescension ("a snoozing 19th century time capsule"). Only when the author approaches the North does she gain access to the "grace of America's true culture." What rubbish! I was raised in Minnesota, lived in various parts of America during 20 years in the Navy, and now travel up and down the East Coast. No part of our country has a monopoly on culture, and I doubt that any part of it is devoid of civilized life—certainly not the South.

*William J. Hayne
Summerville, S.C.*

Why didn't you take the train?

*Fred C. Owens Jr.
Trainer, Pa.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



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American Scene

In New York: Salvaged Pieces

Something decidedly odd is going on at the old mansion. The crackle of splintering wood emanates from the broken windows. A bathroom sink of heroic proportions has been plunked down on the overgrown lawn, and a man is chipping at a graffiti-painted wall with hammer and chisel. "AIIIIII right!" he says with a smile. "This stone is so wet it's going to come right off with a jackhammer."

To suspicious New York City residents, the activity in Far Rockaway, a

corners. Vandals have smashed windows and sprayed the walls with graffiti. Nearby, airliners thunder in to land at J.F.K.

After the mansion is razed, the property will become a municipal park. Says Israel, waving his chisel to emphasize the point: "The preservationists get upset when old places like this are plowed under. We come in and save what we can. All of this stuff will have a new life. It'll be reused in restaurants, offices and private homes."

Once, historical-architecture buffs



Serious homewreckers: Israel, center, with his crew of professional deconstructionists

seaside community of modest homes near the city's John F. Kennedy Airport, may look like a felony in progress. But no need to call the police: the disheveled mansion is scheduled for authorized demolition. Before the bulldozers are due to arrive, Stephen Israel, an ex-hippie entrepreneur with a Grateful Dead-style beard and twinkling brown eyes that focus on the minutiae of history, has come to salvage pieces of the past: window frames, carved moldings, gargoyles and anything else of architectural interest that can be pried loose and sold.

Built around 1907, the Tudor-Gothic mansion was a fine example of careful stonework and superbly finished interiors, set down on a luxuriant plot of waterfront lawn on Jamaica Bay. It began as a residence for Henry Heinschimer, an eccentric New York banker whose security system included a sign that read, GENTLE STRANGER TURN BACK. When the age of grand living had passed it by, the big home became a hospital for retarded children and later a rabbinical school. Now it is a bag lady of a building. A fire has destroyed much of the roof; plants grow in piles of rubble; the bones of rodents lie in

had to prowl in the rubbish of demolition companies to rescue radiators and doors to gentrify their old buildings. But Israel, 40, founder and president of a neat little business called the Great American Salvage Co., has made junk sorting obsolete. His firm, based in Montpelier, Vt., scouts the Eastern states for grand old homes, hotels, theaters and churches that are being modernized or are coming down completely. After negotiating a salvage contract with the buildings' owners, his band of gung-ho reclamation experts carefully removes architectural details. These are spiffed up and sold—primarily to post-modern architects, cutting-edge decorators and well-heeled homeowners—in the firm's huge showrooms in New York City and Montpelier and at four East Coast franchises.

The Manhattan store boasts some 10,000 items, ranging from \$10 wooden stairway spindles to the interior of an art-deco jewelry store for \$135,000, complete with display cases and teller's cage. There are hundreds of marble fireplace mantels, pedestal sinks, lighting fixtures, wrought-iron gates and granite gargoyles. There are bigger chunks of history: a 5-ft.-tall, \$3,500 brass-and-crystal chandelier found

in a crate in Gimbel Bros.' basement, and a 9-ft.-high, 77-ft.-wide chestnut-paneled music room from a turn-of-the-century house in Southampton, N.Y. Cost: \$30,000. Antique porcelain bathtubs, which can fetch \$1,500 each, are the most popular items. Daniel Kasle, 34, the company's affable chief operating officer, who gave up a lucrative career as a foreign-exchange trader to indulge his passion for old sidewalk grates and theater seats, gives the stuff an uptown moniker. He calls it "high-end architectural for adaptive reuse."

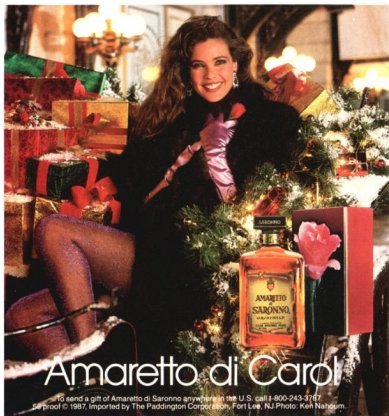
On this morning in Far Rockaway, the architectural are still firmly attached to history. In the rubble-strewn grand hall that smells of ashes and mildew, Israel carefully pries at a piece of mahogany doorway molding. "You can't just come in and say, 'Hey, let's rip it down.' You have to get a feel for the construction," he says. "You have to ask if the craftsmen used nails, glue or screws."

This job is all nails and glue. Israel and his seven-man crew will remove all the doors and windows, complete with jambs and frames, from the spacious room, as well as the thick sheets of mahogany paneling on the walls. They use specially designed tools to do so. "Nobody makes tools to go backward in construction," says Israel. "We have to make our own pry bars and nail cutters to get behind paneling and under plumbing fixtures."

On the second floor, Brian Tyrol, 34, a youthful former cabinetmaker in horn-rimmed glasses, is digging at an oak floor in an attempt to dislodge the hardware of a pair of carved swinging doors. "I can't remember if the spring-controlled hinge would have been on the top or the bottom in 1907," he says, scratching his head. But he does know that the doors, decorated with carved vines, leaves and grapes, will bring a buck in the showroom. "In New York City, art deco was last year," he says. "Now the decorators all want Louis XV *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* sort of stuff."

A few feet away, in a bathroom large enough for championship table tennis, Steve Tillotson, a burly Vermont deconstruction expert who has been with the company since it started, and another worker pry loose a 6-ft.-long china bathtub with lion-claw feet. They flip it onto a mover's pallet and study the maker's mark on its bottom, as if they had unearthed an Egyptian artifact. "Ideal 3806," reads Tillotson with a sigh of respect. "It was made by Ideal on March 8, 1906." They trundle the fixture down a listing hallway to join half a dozen others at the top of the stairs. "You have to be careful doing this kind of work," observes Tillotson. "If you drop a 500-lb. tub on your foot, it can take the fun right out of it."

Fun was the foundation of the Great American Salvage Co. In 1970 Israel, the son of a Manhattan attorney, left law school for flower power in Woodstock,



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American Scene

N.Y. There he learned alternative lifestyles, the necessity of making a living, and carpentry. He later settled on a hard-scrabble cow farm in East Corinth, Vt., to raise what he calls "organic beef." But he could never pilot his vintage motorcycle past a pile of old junk without stopping. "I'd always been a collector," he says, "but never had enough money to collect the stuff everybody else was collecting. Nobody else wanted salvage then. This stuff was made by craftsmen who worked 40 years just making shelf brackets or paneling, and bulldozers were plowing it into the ground. To me, it was art."



Taking history apart slowly, a block at a time

Soon, Israel's rickety barn was stuffed with salvage. One spring day, his love-sick bull crashed through the barn wall and trampled over months of careful collecting. Says Israel: "So it was goodbye cows, hello salvage." Since 1979, the firm has grown beyond Israel's wildest dreams, allowing him other expensive sidelines. He recently opened a motorcycle shop that reconditions and sells vintage Harley-Davidsons. But fan-shaped stained-glass windows and ornate heat registers remain his central passions and his righteous mission. "If the Rockefellers or the Hearsts saw a library in England they liked, they bought it and brought it over here," he says. "I'm just doing the same thing for the average guy."

In Flan Rockaway, as the afternoon sun slants through the broken windows, a workman emerges from the basement and yells, "Look what I found!" Israel and the others gather around an old, 10-gal., green-glass water jug. There is a bit of water in the bottom. For a moment it almost seems that these salvage men, so thirsty for the details of the past, might take a sip of vintage 1907. But a 747 rumbles overhead, and the mood is broken. "Should we take the jug?" someone asks. "Sure," says Israel. "Somebody might want it." They pick up their tools and wander back to work.

—By J.D. Reed

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Nation

TIME / DECEMBER 21, 1987



The Spirit Of Washington

With big smiles and some frustrations, détente makes a comeback



It will be remembered as the summit at which intimacy and symbolism overshadowed disputes about substance, and its spirit was captured during a private moment between Mikhail Gorbachev and Ronald Reagan on the morning after they signed their historic arms accord. The President led the Soviet leader to a little study next to the Oval Office and produced a baseball that Joe DiMaggio had hoped to have autographed by Gorbachev at the state dinner the night before. Reagan was not just fulfilling the old Yankee slugger's request. He had a metaphor in mind. Are we, he asked, going to play ball? Yes, Gorbachev firmly agreed. Then the two men rejoined their top aides in the

Oval Office for a critical hour-long bargaining session on ways to reduce their bloated arsenals of strategic weapons.

Gorbachev's dazzling visit to Washington for the summit of 1987 seemed to herald a new and more personable ball game in the 40-year struggle between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. At center stage stood the leaders of the world's two most powerful nations, smiling warmly, shaking hands, exchanging pens, trading one-liners. The Soviet visitor even burst into song at one point. When it was all over, Gorbachev called the three-day Washington summit a "major event in world politics," while Reagan grandiloquently declared that the meeting had "lit the sky with hope for all people of goodwill."

Even though there were no break-

throughs on arms control—the thorny issue of Star Wars was set aside for another day—and there were heated exchanges on human rights, the exalted pronouncements uttered in the afterglow were more than mere hyperbole. Something extraordinary was taking place: four decades of often truculent cold-war rhetoric were giving way to dispassionate discourse and high-level rapport. Neither side was forgetting the vast ideological chasm that separates the superpowers, but they were learning to work around their differences, to stake out common ground on which to build a better understanding.

The centerpiece of the summit was the ceremonial signing of an intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty that eliminated an entire class of atomic weapons from Europe and the rest of the world. The product of six years of negotiation, the pact calls for the destruction of 1,752 Soviet and 859 American missiles and establishes rigorous on-site verification procedures that pave the way for more ambitious agreements in the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) regarding longer-range weapons.

On that score, the negotiating teams were able to work out some new details concerning their goal of a 50% cut in strategic arms. By agreeing to set aside the issue of exactly how the 1972 Antiballistic Missile Treaty would restrict the development of Reagan's proposed Strategic Defense Initiative, the two sides showed a willingness—at least for the moment—to make that dispute less of an obstacle to a START treaty. Such an agreement, if the SDI issue can continue to be finessed, is expected to form the basis for a fourth summit in Moscow late next spring.

Reagan saw the Washington summit as a vindication of his hard-line policies of the past seven years. By seeking to roll back Communist influence and reduce, rather than merely limit, the number of nuclear weapons on both sides, Reagan believes he has repudiated the flawed policies of his predecessors. Many of the claims he made in his televised speech Thursday night were overstated: the INF treaty is not the first to require reductions in the number of nuclear weapons (SALT II provided for limited cuts), the summit did not represent a victory for his SDI program, and he was not able to make human rights or regional issues anything more than a sideshow to the business of arms control.

In fact, though the President would wince at the thought, the summit was not so much a triumph of a Reagan revolution in foreign policy as it was a return of the principles of détente: a reduction of tensions between the two superpowers and a recognition that arms control is the focal point of relations between the two countries. During the long and twisted walk up to the summit, Fritz Ermarth, the chief Soviet expert on the National Security Council, cracked, "Détente is dirty work, but somebody's got to do it." Last week Reagan and Gor-



Gorbaphoria reached a crescendo when the summit superstar stopped his motorcade for some impromptu flesh pressing. Exulted one pedestrian:

bachev made it seem like good clean fun. Although the meager results on substantive issues hardly justified the excitement and euphoria that surrounded last week's summit, what really mattered—and captured the public imagination—was the personal accord and the images of friendliness that pervaded the event. In diplomacy, especially in the age of television, the perception that tensions have been reduced tends to mean that tensions have in fact been reduced. What happened in Washington last week is that the perceptions changed measurably—and for the better—on both sides. This was true for the delighted Washington bystanders who had their hands pumped by Gorbachev; it was true for the fur-hatted Muscovites who huddled under a giant TV screen on Kalinin Prospect to watch their leader's pomp-filled arrival ceremony at the White House; and it was true, above all, for the two men who faced each other across the negotiating table.

This time the two men seemed to hit it off personally from the first handshake to the last. In some of their public appearances, they traded quips like a well-rehearsed vaudeville team. At the White House treaty-signing ceremony, for example, Reagan repeated the Russian phrase *doverai no proverai* (trust but verify), only to be interrupted by Gorbachev's good-natured observation, "You repeat that at every meeting." When the laughter of the 250 assembled guests died down, Reagan flashed his off-center grin, gave Gorbachev a little bow and replied, "I like it." The audience exploded with

laughter again. Said Gorbachev just before his final departure: "I think we trust each other more."

Gorbachev had another interlocutor: the American people. From his Monday afternoon arrival at Washington's Andrews Air Force Base to his rainy Thursday night departure, the General Secretary seemed to be leading a full-court media blitz. He unfailingly turned on the charm in his public appearances, such as Tuesday night's state dinner at the White House, where he and Wife Raisa joined Pianist Van Cliburn in singing *Moscow Nights*. Later in the week he stopped his motorcade on Connecticut Avenue to hop out and press the flesh with passers-

by. Gushed one thrilled bystander: "It was like the coming of the second Messiah or something." Now that's public relations.

The Soviet leader invited several groups of influential Americans to the Soviet embassy to push his case for arms reductions, world peace and his internal reforms. By far the most important of these meetings was with nine congressional leaders, including four of the Senators who will ultimately decide whether to ratify the INF treaty. Most of the legislators came out of the 90-minute meeting impressed by Gorbachev's intelligence, candor and optimism. But many of them let the General Secretary know that some

positive Soviet actions were necessary to improve relations. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, a West Virginia Democrat, noted that a timetable for Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan "would help" win Senate ratification for INF. Senate Democratic Whip Alan Cranston of California asked what could be done to speed the START talks along. "You know what needs doing," replied Gorbachev. He pointed out that the Soviet Union was now sending out "good vibes" and added, "We need good vibes from you."

Gorbachev later held separate meetings with intellectual and cultural leaders (including such luminaries as former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, Writer Norman Mailer and Composer Yoko Ono), media moguls and business executives. At times during these sessions, he seemed almost Reaganesque in his use of folksy anecdotes to make his points. He began his

Gorbachev and God

"Every flirtation with God," Lenin once said, "is unutterable vile-ness." So what was Gorbachev flirting with at his arrival ceremony when he muttered "May God help us" to George Shultz? Not much, at first blush. The expression is colloquial Russian and has no more religious content than an American's "Thank heaven." Yet Gorbachev uses such phrases so frequently (one in his 1985 *Time* interview was deleted when reprinted in the Soviet Union) that some have wondered if he is a closet Christian. He has told Soviet townsfolk that young people need to get off alcohol and "back to church." In his interview with Tom Brokaw, he made a point of mentioning next year's celebration of the 1,000th anniversary of Christianity in Russia. Larry Speakes, the former White House spokesman, says in a forthcoming book that Gorbachev confided to Reagan in Geneva that he personally "might believe in God." Gorbachev's mother is a churchgoing Russian Orthodox.

Gorbachev, however, is in fact a devout atheist. "I was taken to church as a child," he said during a 1984 talk in Britain, "but I never felt the least desire to go back." In a 1986 speech in Tashkent, he called for a "firm and uncompromising struggle against religious phenomena." And despite the carefully restricted official latitude enjoyed by the Russian Orthodox Church, many Christian groups in the Soviet Union still face official harassment.



"It was like the coming of the second Messiah"

meeting with the intellectuals, for example, by reading a letter from an American teenager calling on the two leaders "to build a world of responsibility."

Gorbachev showed the blunt candor that has distinguished his domestic efforts at economic reform. In his talk with news executives, he referred to the Soviet Union as the "world's second ranking power." The remark, which surprised many Westerners in the audience, was consistent with the message he has been stressing at home: that the Soviet Union must squarely face up to the problems in its economic system. Soviet Foreign Ministry Spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov later told TIME that it was the first time Gorbachev had put his country's runner-up status so bluntly. Quipped Gerasimov: "He conceded—to Japan."

But Gorbachev bared his teeth on several occasions, betraying a testiness that belied his appeals to sweet reason. The Soviet leader's performance at his farewell press conference, in fact, may have undone some of the political gains of the previous three days. After arriving 15 minutes late at the Soviet Union's new Mt. Alto embassy complex, he launched into a detailed 70-minute monologue summing up his talks with Reagan. Near the end of his statement, however, he suddenly delivered a diatribe against the press—the very group he most needed to win over to get his message across.

Chopping the air with his hands and jutting out his lower lip, Gorbachev charged that all journalists wanted to do was grill him on human rights, "as if we are agreeing to give interviews not just to try to search for the truth, to prod each other to serious thinking, but to drive the politician into a corner." He then in-

structed the reporters, like a scolding schoolmaster, to "think over this part of my talk." The outburst, like his brusque answers to most of the questions that followed, revealed that *glasnost* has definite limits.

Reagan, meanwhile, showed his own hard-line side in a postsummit address. Having kept a relatively low profile during most of the visit, he went on national television only two minutes after Gorbachev's blue-and-white Ilyushin Il-62 had roared off into rainy black skies. Speaking from the Oval Office, Reagan called the talks a "clear success," giving cause for "both hope and optimism." But his speech included many declarations of his fundamental opposition to Soviet policies and philosophy. To some extent, Reagan was merely reverting to old familiar themes out of habit. But with an eye to the ratification process, he was also shoring up his right flank against charges by increasingly jumpy conservatives that he has gone soft on the Soviets.

Reagan's desire not to stray too far from his conservative base also probably accounted for some of his caution in dealing with arms control at the summit. As he has pursued his visions of disarmament through strength, many Republican strategists—notably Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger—warned that the headlong rush to cut missiles was not being guided by any strategic vision of how the U.S. and its allies could best defend their vital interests. Yet another surprise "breakthrough" that discarded the carefully wrought strategies of deterrence could have been disconcerting.

As it was in Reykjavik last year, SDI remained the main stumbling block to a major breakthrough. The Soviets have long claimed that all but the most basic Star Wars research is precluded by the

1972 ABM treaty. The Reagan Administration, under its much disputed "broad" interpretation of that treaty, insists that more advanced research and certain types of tests in space are permitted. In addition, the Soviets seek a guarantee that neither side will withdraw from the ABM treaty to deploy a space-based antimissile system for at least ten years. Dealing with that impasse was the job of the working group that was set up on Tuesday under Paul Nitze, the President's chief arms-control adviser, and Marshal Sergei Akhromyev, the Soviet armed forces chief of staff.

Reagan outlined his position on SDI during his Wednesday-morning meeting with Gorbachev in the Oval Office. "We are going forward with the research and development necessary to see if this is a workable concept," said the President, "and if it is, we are going to deploy it." Gorbachev listened intently, looking Reagan hard in the eyes as he spoke. When Reagan finished, the Soviet leader replied: "Mr. President, do what you think you have to do. And if in the end you think you have a system you want to deploy, go ahead and deploy. Who am I to tell you what to do? I think you're wasting money. I don't think it will work. But if that's what you want to do, go ahead." He added ominously: "We are moving in another direction, and we preserve our option to do what we think is necessary and in our own national interest at that time. And we think we can do it less expensively and with greater effectiveness."

U.S. experts were unsure what he meant but offered several possible explanations: that the Soviets were working on their own defensive system (a fact that Gorbachev seemed to concede in his in-



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL EVERT AND DAVID BRACE—AP/WIDE WORLD

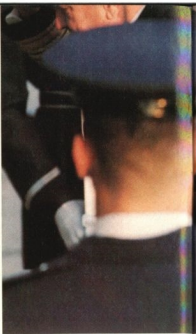
The Soviet boss during his 70-minute address at a farewell press conference



The Reagans await their guests' arrival



A young supporter gets a boost for détente



Glasnost in Arlington: Soviet Chief of Staff

interview with NBC's Tom Brokaw two weeks ago); that they might consider breaking the moratorium on antisatellite systems, which could cripple space-based SDI components; or that they might resort to abrogating existing treaties and rebuilding their nuclear arsenals.

American analysts were similarly baffled by another vague Gorbachev claim, made during his final press conference, that the Soviets possessed the means to identify the location and megatonnage of land- and sea-based nuclear weapons—even those deployed on submarines. If the Soviets could indeed pinpoint U.S. subs, they could neutralize a key leg of the U.S. nuclear triad. State Department and Pentagon experts were highly skeptical that the Soviets possessed such technology.

However obscure Gorbachev was about his secret hardware, he left no doubt that the SDI issue was no longer an obstacle to an agreement on strategic cuts. This was a considerable concession from the Soviets, whose insistence on nipping Star Wars in the bud had led them to link SDI restrictions to the tentative wide-ranging agreements reached at the Reykjavik summit last year. Yet the Soviets have long pursued a tactic of linking and un-linking and then relinking SDI to other agreements; the idea is sure to come back to haunt a START agreement before the two leaders can clink glasses again in Moscow next year.

The Nitze-Akhromeyev working group focused its efforts on drafting the language of its joint communiqué in such a way as to defer the SDI problem without undermining the valid-

ity of the ABM treaty. At the same time, it sought to reach agreement on the "subceilings" that would be placed on different types of strategic missiles and bombers within the framework of reducing each side's warheads by half. The group was still struggling with texts and numbers as Gorbachev and Reagan were ending their final working lunch in the Family Dining Room of the White House. Stretching out their meal while waiting for negotiators to finish, Gorbachev and Reagan lapsed into casual conversation. The two leaders got to talking about being politicians. Reagan told Gorbachev that he had watched his curbside handshaking interlude on TV, explaining that Ameri-

can politicians called that "working the crowds." Gorbachev laughed and won Reagan's hearty endorsement of his observation that leaders learned more when traveling in the provinces than in their own capitals. There was unintended irony in Gorbachev's remark, since for all his efforts to impress his views on Americans during this trip, he had shown little interest in learning about the country itself.

Finally, the arms-control group reached consensus and rejoined the leaders. Gorbachev was escorted to the map room to be briefed by Akhromeyev, while Reagan retired to the library, where Secretary of State George Shultz and Lieut. General Colin Powell, the National Security

Adviser, explained the language to him. Informed that the Joint Chiefs were satisfied with the text, Reagan approved it. Then he went to shake hands with Gorbachev before accompanying him to the South Lawn for the farewell ceremony.

The working group had refined instructions for the Soviet and U.S. negotiators in Geneva, who will seek to translate them into treaty language over the next few months. As originally agreed in Reykjavik, the plan calls for a 50% reduction in overall nuclear warheads, down to 6,000 for each side. Of those, the combined number of intercontinental ballistic missiles plus submarine-launched ballistic missiles was limited at 4,900. No more than 1,540 warheads can be on heavy multiwarhead missiles. They also agreed to a limit of 1,600 delivery systems (missile launchers, bombers, etc.). Verification procedures remain to be worked out, although U.S.

Nancy's Reflections

"I know there are all these stories about trouble between myself and Mrs. Gorbachev," Nancy Reagan said in a conversation with *TIME*'s Hugh Sidey last Friday. "They started in Geneva, about the fashion war. Such stories are so trivial and silly. The real story is that the U.S. and the Soviet Union have gotten to this point, have signed a treaty, and there is a better, more open relationship."

"Mr. Gorbachev told me that he and Raisa were troubled by jet lag. I get jet lag when I go to California. He says he was drinking a lot of coffee. I don't drink coffee, but maybe I should start." The First Lady stressed that she was looking forward to her trip to Moscow. "I told Mr. Gorbachev that our son [Ron Jr.] had been there twice and had told us all about it and wanted us to go. I think the way the General Secretary had groups of Americans in to talk with him was a good thing. I wonder if we could have some Soviet groups in if we got to Moscow."

Mrs. Reagan praised the "good chemistry" between her husband and Gorbachev. "They can talk candidly now, and they do. They both understand there are big differences. But they know now the point beyond which they do not press the other. When they get there, they cool it. This has taken a long time happening. Ronnie held out for 'zero option' at first, then he walked out of Reykjavik, and now we are here. It's a beginning. If we go to Moscow in June, maybe we will make more progress. And, by golly, it was Ronnie who did it."



Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev enters the Pentagon

officials feel their earlier breakthroughs on INF on-site inspections will take them a long way toward finding solutions.

On SDI, the language worked out was both tortured and mushy, just what was needed to defer the dispute to another day. Says Gerasimov: "It means we postponed our quarrels." The negotiators in Geneva were instructed to "work out an agreement that would commit the sides to observe the ABM treaty, as signed in 1972, while conducting their research, development and testing as required, which are permitted by the ABM treaty, and not to withdraw from the ABM treaty for a specified period of time." Behind the convoluted language lies a compro-

mise that allows the two leaders to take opposed positions on SDI. Does this mean the Soviets have accepted the inevitability of eventual SDI deployment? Hardly. They have given up on trying to get this President to accept any formula that explicitly limits SDI testing. Yet they see that Congress is applying its own budgetary constraints on Star Wars and has made it clear that it will not let the Administration break out of the narrow interpretation of the ABM treaty.

Moreover, given the still preliminary state of the program, Reagan has little need to violate the narrow interpretation right away. Having won the President's commitment not to withdraw from the ABM treaty, the Soviets are content to wait and deal with the next President on the question of what the treaty means. Yet it would be a mistake to assume that they have totally delinked SDI from the question of strategic arms reductions. In his Friday press conference, Reagan flatly stated that Star Wars now offers "no impediment" to a START agreement. That view, however, was openly disputed by a senior arms-control adviser, who noted that the Soviets might well renege the issue before the Moscow summit.

The two sides made even less progress on the other issues under discussion. Reagan began the very first session with an hour-long lecture on human rights, pointing out that the U.S., a nation of immigrants, felt strongly about the right of people to travel and live where they pleased. He referred in particular to the cases of Jews who were not permitted to leave the Soviet Union. In the heated discussion that followed, Gorbachev angrily told the President, "I'm not on trial here, and you're not a judge to judge me." Gorbachev then

compared the Soviet Union's emigration curbs with America's restrictions on immigrants, notably from Mexico. Replied Reagan, quite rightly: "There's a big difference between wanting out and wanting in." Not surprisingly, the debate led nowhere.

Nor was there any movement on regional issues. There had been some hope that Gorbachev would announce a starting date for a promised Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, but he declined to do so unless Reagan cut off aid to the Afghan rebels. There was no agreement, either, on Nicaragua or the Persian Gulf. Commenting on the lack of progress in these areas, Administration officials pointed out that in private meetings Gorbachev was much tougher than the charming image he offered to the public. "What you have gained is a guy you can talk to," said one Reagan aide, "but when it comes to substantive changes, forget it."

That judgment seems excessive. The INF treaty offers proof that a man one can talk to is a man one can deal with—at least some of the time. In an upbeat press conference at week's end, Reagan said an "entirely different relationship" had now been established between himself and Gorbachev. To place too much significance on the wonders that can come from more amiable relations and personal rapport would be foolish and would dangerously ignore the vicissitudes of Soviet-American relations since World War II. Yet to dismiss the opportunity created by the vigorous Soviet leader who came calling last week would be equally foolish, and perhaps just as dangerous.

—By Thomas A. Sancton.

Reported by James O. Jackson with Gorbachev, Barrett Seaman and Strobe Talbott/Washington

Bon voyage: the leaders applaud the meeting that Reagan said "lit the sky with hope for all people of goodwill"

DEREK BRACK—BLACK STAR



The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Not Since Jefferson Dined Alone

Mikhail Gorbachev sat on Nancy Reagan's right. On her left was Richard Perle, former Pentagon hard-liner and Soviet nemesis. The President was flanked by Raisa Gorbachev and Jeane Kirkpatrick. And the State Dining Room was filled with the unlikely 125 people one could imagine supping together: Henry Kissinger and Meadowlark Lemon, great Globetrotters both; Claudette Colbert and Moscow's supreme propagandist, Alexander Yakovlev; Ted Graber, Nancy's interior designer, and Georgi Arbatov, the Kremlin's noted American expert; Joe DiMaggio and Pearl Bailey; David Rockefeller, Mary Lou Retton and Saul Bellow.

The centuries whispered to them. "I knew this was a special moment," Mrs. Reagan thought as she entered the State Dining Room with her husband and the Gorbachevs. "The people there were happy, uplifted," she later recalled. The dinner was the affirmation of the day's achievement and the gracious application of wine and warmth to see if the journey of peace could be pushed on down the road a bit.

History has traveled the alimentary canal forever. George Washington worried in his very first days as President in 1789 about how to hold official dinners, so important a part of stewardship did he consider the evening ritual. Power was dispensed in the evening at the table, reasoned John Adams, just as it was during the day.

"I've never seen a dinner take off like this one," marveled Graber. "I was stunned by how much that evening moved me," said former Democratic Party Chairman Robert Strauss, who sat across from Nancy and Gorbachev. "I've only felt it once before, at the dinner for Sadat and Begin."

Did the sense of destiny and the Strolling Strings soften the crusts of Gorbachev and his crew of Soviets who mingled below the portrait of Abraham Lincoln? At the end, when Pianist Van Cliburn played *Moscow Nights*, Strauss thought he saw a bit of mist in the eyes of the Gorbachevs as they sang along. It was surely the most startling music in the East Room since Harry Truman played *The Black Hawk Waltz*.

The new Librarian of Congress, James Billington, a historian of Russian culture who speaks the language, probed for a glimpse of the underlying vision that Gorbachev might hold. How would the Soviet government, he asked, officially commemorate the millennium of Christianity in Russia next year? Gorbachev deftly avoided the question by indicating that his nation's ecclesiastical authorities were making the preparations. How "Russian" was the man?

wondered Billington; then he queried him about Soviet writers. Gorbachev's reading was current, and included the so-called village writers, who have deplored the loss of rural values in Russia.

Congressman Dick Cheney asked what Gorbachev wanted his country to be in 20 years. He hoped, Gorbachev replied, to see a society more dynamic, more open and more democratic. Billington made a mental note that the translation was more appealing than the original Russian.

There was virtually no talk of children, homes or hobbies. The Soviet leader was at work. In his forceful way, Gorbachev left little doubt that he cast himself as a man of destiny, that his reforms would make or break the Soviet nation.

Looking straight at Cheney, he said, "This is the only opportunity we will have."

Gorbachev told Perle he had seen a new film, from Britain's Granada television and shown last week on PBS, that dramatized the Reykjavik summit. "The fellow who played you lost a lot of weight," laughed Gorbachev to the pleasantly padded Perle, who relished the notoriety.

Former CIA Director Richard Helms, barred from associating with powerful Communists for his entire career, gripped the Gorbachev hand and said, "I never expected to meet a General Secretary of the Communist Party." Gorbachev broke into a grin, and for that second, perhaps, was as amazed as Helms.

Reagan introduced Edward Teller, father of the hydrogen bomb and visionary of Star Wars, to Gorbachev, whose response was so minimal that Reagan thought he had not heard the name. "This is the famous Dr. Teller," said the President. "There are many Dr. Tellers," replied Gorbachev

coolly, seemingly haunted by his dissident H-bomb scientist Andrei Sakharov.

Billy Graham decided that Gorbachev had an "evangelical quality," but without God. And during the mellow Cliburn sing-along at evening's end, George Will leaned over to Admiral William Crowe, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and whispered, "That song just cost you 200 ships."

Maybe. But nothing on that evening was certain except the world was changing and that small assembly of Soviets and Americans was witness to a rare act within the larger drama. As he went out into the night, Helms cast a glance at Lincoln with his chin in his hand. "I wonder what old Abe would think," Helms mused. Then he added his own yearning. "Maybe this time we can make it work."



Gorbachev, Mrs. Reagan and Richard Perle: "a special moment"



Raisa Gorbachev and the President joined in the mellow mood



The visitor and her guide near a portrait of Pat Nixon in the "museum"

Confrontation of the Superwives

Vivacious and voluble, Raisa upstages the First Lady



Piqued at Raisa Gorbachev's one-woman triumph at the Reykjavik summit, Nancy Reagan was known to consider the Soviet First Lady imperious and dogmatic. Preparations for the Washington summit seemed to confirm that impression. Raisa had taken her time accepting an invitation to tea, insisting that the hour be changed. She was keeping her schedule a mystery, confounding efforts to plan ahead. So when the Soviets asked to bring five extra guests to Tuesday's state dinner, the word quickly came back: forget it.

But if the East Wing of the White House was waging cold war while the West Wing celebrated a thaw, the rest of Washington found Raisa Maximovna Gorbachev dazzling. Vivacious and voluble, she beamed her strobe-light smile, melting the eye glaze of receiving lines. She asked questions and delivered on-the-spot sermons and exhortations. She cracked jokes. And, rivaling her husband, she tamed the media like the tiger handler at the Gorky Park circus: with flourishes, grins and bows to the audience.

The U.S. was "lovely," announced the onetime lecturer on Marxist-Leninist philosophy at Moscow State University. At the National Gallery, when employees gathered to applaud her, she stopped to chat, noting that she was "glad to see so many of the staff are women." On a White House tour, she peppered Nancy Reagan with queries: Was that a 19th century chandelier? Did Jefferson live here? And, by the way, when was the White House built? The First Lady, already irritated by her visitor's magnetic gravi-

tation toward the television cameras, was stumped. An assistant curator came to the rescue with dates: between 1792 and 1800. "I'm not much help," Nancy Reagan confessed, in obvious exasperation.

The tour was an almost comical confrontation of the two superwives, each fighting to get her way with elaborate politesse. But as much as Nancy Reagan tugged at Raisa Gorbachev's elbow, trying to steer the diminutive (5 ft. 3 in.) Russian away from the cordoned-off journalists, she was outmaneuvered. A reporter asked Raisa whether she would be meeting ordinary Americans. Her flattering reply: "Meeting you, for me, is meeting Americans. This time our visit is too short. I hope next time will be longer." At one point she launched into a discussion of modern life: "In our age, all of us have to work. We have professional duties. We have family duties as well as social duties.



A wave for the cameras with Pamela Harriman

"All of us have to work. We have professional duties."

A person in the 20th century is at a loss to distribute his or her time."

Repeatedly, Nancy Reagan was asked about frosty relations. "I've answered that five times," she snapped and turned deliberately toward Raisa Gorbachev. Coolly correct, Raisa added, "Everything is all right. Mrs. Reagan gave the answer. She is the hostess, and that was her word." Another reporter asked if Raisa would like to live in the White House. Perhaps unaware that the Reagans' living quarters are upstairs, Raisa glanced at her opulent surroundings. "This is an official residence," she said. "I would say, humanly speaking, that a human being would like to live in a regular house." Smiling, she added, "This is a museum of American history."

After the visit, East Wing aides snickered at the black dress with rhinestone belt buckle that Raisa had worn to the late-morning coffee. "A bit cocktailish, don't you think?" one said. White House officials were also miffed that Raisa chose to set up a colloquy with prominent women at the home of Democratic Fund Raiser Pamela Harriman. Among the guests: Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, University of Chicago President Hanna Gray, Publisher Katharine Graham and Senators Barbara Mikulski and Nancy Kassebaum. Nonetheless, by the end of the summit, official patch-up stories were issuing from the White House. Raisa, it was said, had asked Nancy at the Soviets' Thursday dinner, "What is this about our not liking each other?" The First Lady described her Soviet counterpart as puzzled. "Such stories are so trivial and silly," Nancy Reagan said.

If the U.S. media made much of the tiff, Raisa's activities were given more sober coverage in the Soviet Union, where she is referred to as "Gorbachev's spouse." Despite recent criticism that Raisa has assumed too visible a role, Soviet television viewers were treated to a snippet of her singing *Moscow Nights* at the state dinner. TASS, the state news agency, published stories about her National Gallery visit and her meeting with a friendly group of Armenians at the Soviet embassy.

By chance, the Armenian gathering gave Raisa an opportunity to show off her unflappability. Informed of the unauthorized presence of a TIME correspondent, Raisa purred, "There is nothing to be concerned about. The American and Soviet press should work together to build peace." She put her arm around the correspondent and smiled as her personal photographer took their picture.

Raisa's campaign appearances revealed a convergence of the Gorbachev style: each talking but rarely listening, each lecturing and posturing, while gushing charm. "This is the first person I've ever met who talks more than I do," marveled Barbara Mikulski after her encounter with Raisa. So what's new in politics? —By Margot Hornblower.

Reported by Nancy Traver/Washington

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How to Wreck the Treaty

Opponents will offer changes that seem reasonable but are lethal



They are officially known as reservations, but lawmakers call them "killer amendments." Attached to a treaty by the Senate, they require the President to renegotiate certain provisions. Although Reagan is expected to have little trouble getting the two-thirds majority needed to ratify the INF accord, such likely opponents of the treaty as North Carolina's Jesse Helms and Wyoming's Malcolm Wallop may aim to scuttle it by mustering a majority in favor of amendments that sound reasonable but would prove lethal.

Defenders will try to protect the pact by making sure that any refinements are expressed in the form of "declarations" or "understandings" that do not require negotiating a revised treaty with Moscow. California Democrat Alan Cranston, who will be a leader in the fight for ratification, says Senate approval will ultimately depend not on "who's for or against it" but on "who will withstand the killer amendments and who won't."

Among the issues that will be addressed by either reservations or more benign understandings:

Conventional force levels. Georgia Democrat Sam Nunn will hold hearings in the Armed Services Committee on steps the West should take to reduce the Warsaw Pact's superiority in non-nuclear weapons. Nunn and others believe that imbalance may be more threatening with the



Signing the accord in the East Room
Could "killer amendments" destroy the deal?

rejected the notion after defense officials realized it would work both ways; they did not want Soviet inspectors poking around classified facilities in the U.S.

Human rights and regional conflicts. Lawmakers could link ratification of the INF agreement to issues like a Soviet with-

drawal from Afghanistan or an easing of the restrictions on Jewish emigration. Many Senators might find it hard to vote against such politically popular measures. But because these provisions have little real relevance to the missile accord, they could probably be shot down before reaching the Senate floor for a vote.

Compliance. Opponents' best hope might be an amendment requiring the President to certify Soviet adherence to all other arms-control agreements before the INF pact could be carried out. "The beauty of this kind of amendment is that it is very easily understandable to the average American," says Dan Casey, head of the American Conservative Union. "You don't sign contracts with people who have not honored past contracts." Reagan has been backpedaling on this thorny topic. In a report to Congress on arms-control negotiations last March, the President cited compliance with deals in the past as an "essential prerequisite" for future agreements. Yet in a similar report this month, that prerequisite had been watered down to become "an essential element of my arms-control policy." Although such an amendment would not require that the treaty be renegotiated, it would make it difficult for Reagan to put the pact into effect: the Administration went on record a week before the summit with a list of allegations about how Moscow has violated the 1972 Antiballistic Missile Treaty.

One obstacle to ratification may be the way the Administration is treating that ABM accord. The Administration insists that what the Senate was told by Government witnesses during ratification hearings is not relevant to what the treaty really means on the subject of space-based defense. This outrages Nunn, who threatens to review the entire negotiation record of the INF pact unless the President and his advisers abandon the notion that they can reinterpret a treaty after the Senate has ratified it.

The President is going to need all the help he can get from top Republican Senators. "It is only when the senior leadership and the White House work in tandem that people will be able to not vote for something Wallop or Helms introduces," says a veteran Capitol Hill staffer. He adds, "A lot will depend on Dole." Fortunately for Reagan, the Senate minority leader and presidential candidate finally seemed ready to support the accord, after weeks of mealy-mouthed hedging. Last week Bob Dole called the INF treaty a "watershed accomplishment." He also said he did not foresee "any amendment that's going to require renegotiation."

—By Jacob V. Lamar Jr. Reported by Jay Peterzell/Washington

Bonanza for Bush

George Bush called them a group of "representative Americans." What they more closely represented, however, was Bush's aspirations in the early presidential contests; three of the five guests he brought to his caviar and blini breakfast with Gorbachev happened to be from Iowa and New Hampshire. Bush's campaign staff even hired a camera crew, who beamed his summit scenes to important primary states. Bush also took partial credit for prompting Gorbachev's walkabout. "It's too bad you don't have time to go into a store or greet people," Bush told him during a ride. A moment later Gorbachev ordered, "Stop the car." Although Bush looked awkward and forgotten as the crowd flocked around the forceful Gorbachev, just being seen with the Soviet leader was a boost to Bush's campaign.

Robert Dole's campaign spokeswoman, Katie Boyle, said she was "surprised Bush didn't invite Gorbachev to Des Moines for a fund raiser." Dole did manage to get eight minutes alone with the summit superstar. He dispensed with his griping about the new treaty and told the General Secretary that it would be ratified. Leaving the meeting, Gorbachev wished Dole good luck in the 1988 race. "Thank you," Dole replied. "I'm winning." But as Bush bade Gorbachev farewell at Andrews Air Force Base, it was clear who had triumphed in last week's political sideshow.

Verification. The INF pact has precedent-setting provisions that allow the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. to inspect each other's missile sites for evidence of cheating. Some conservative Senators, however, may want an amendment providing for the investigation on demand of "suspect sites" not enumerated in the treaty. That would be strongly opposed by both the White House and the Pentagon. In fact, the Soviets agreed to this idea in principle earlier this year, but the U.S. re-

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test. Pleasing both the customer and the company controller.

The idea is networks which not only move information instantly, but which also interpret it, rearrange it and apply it in the most useful way. All automatically.

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Which is to say, we're very close to the day when you won't be able to tell a phone from a computer, and won't even care.

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Once, a phone was a phone and a computer was a computer.

And anybody could tell the difference.

Today, however, telephones routinely boast computer memories, computer intelligence, even computer screens.

And computers are discovering the power



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An Upstart Mayor, a Shaky Future

San Francisco's Art Agnos inherits daunting challenges

Early on the day Arthur Christ Agnos was elected the 37th mayor of San Francisco, a violent storm unexpectedly swept across the city, dumping hail, downing power lines, flooding streets. For a brief time chaos reigned. But shortly after the polls closed in last week's runoff election, it was apparent that a bigger gale had been spawned by Agnos himself. The candidate, once a little-known state assemblyman, blew away John Molinari, president of San Francisco's board of supervisors, with an overwhelming 70% of the vote. A voluble former social worker who arrived in San Francisco from Springfield, Mass., in 1966, Agnos, 49, becomes the first non-native to run the city in 40 years. Ever mindful of his outsider's background, Agnos declares, "The center of power in this town has shifted."

That shift came dramatically and unexpectedly. The representative of the city's unfashionable eastern district for more than a decade, Agnos badly trailed Front Runner Molinari in early polls and fund raising. But tactless campaign mailings and a poor television-debate performance hurt Molinari. Agnos' superb grass-roots organization, as well as his advocacy of rent controls and affordable housing, turned the campaign around. Agnos nearly outpolled all ten other candidates in November's general election to set up last week's landslide.

Whether Agnos will build on his success depends on his ability to respond to some daunting challenges. A deficit conservatively estimated at \$86 million, a shrinking corporate community and an increasing death toll from AIDS have dulled the city's upbeat image. Almost as

bad for longtime residents has been the emergence of Los Angeles as California's pre-eminent city.

Each week brings new evidence that the balance of power is inexorably shifting south. Merrill Lynch recently picked Los Angeles as the place to service its Pacific Rim clients interested in California investments. "My instinct was to go to San Francisco," says Hong Kong-based T.M. Deford, director of the brokerage's Asia Pacific regional office. "But our study showed that the money was going to Los Angeles." Says Agnos' predecessor, Dianne Feinstein, with a bit of resignation: "Los Angeles has 15 million people. We have six million."

To be accurate, San Francisco has only 725,000 residents. But the images of cable cars climbing past high-rises, a densely settled Chinatown and a skyline packed tightly into a nest of hills suggest a metropolis of greater heft. In recent years, however, the city's problems have fallen into sharper and more painful focus.

Even before Feinstein became mayor in November 1978, following the city hall murders of Mayor George Moscone and City Supervisor Harvey Milk, San Francisco and its environs had developed a reputation that would give heartburn to a Chamber of Commerce. First there was the 1967 Summer of Love, with its easy exchange of drugs and sex in Haight-Ashbury. Then in 1973 came the racially motivated Zebra killings; Agnos, who was seriously wounded after leaving a neighborhood political meeting, was one of the gunman's 18 randomly chosen victims. Next followed the kidnapping of Newspaper Heiress Patty Hearst and the 1978

mass suicide in Jonestown, Guyana, to which Jim Jones had moved his cult followers from a "people's temple" in the center of San Francisco.

At the same time, external forces have conspired to sap the city's corporate strength. In the past six years 23 of the city's 50 largest public companies have disappeared in a flurry of mergers and acquisitions. Ill-advised loans to Latin American countries backfired on BankAmerica Corp., once the nation's largest financial institution. The bank has eliminated almost 30% of its work force and auctioned off moneymaking assets; still it has not turned a profit in three years. Even Standard Oil, the state's largest company, has retrenched in its headquarters town. The decline of the city's corporate and charitable base occurred at the same time voters were putting restrictions on further commercial growth, including last month's referendum rejecting plans for a new downtown baseball stadium. "The city is not antibusiness," says the mayor-elect, whose platform attempts to hew to a fine line between the concerns of his neighborhood constituents and the power brokers of old San Francisco. "The people just want to plan the growth."

But the biggest problem facing Agnos, one he characterizes as a "human and possibly fiscal catastrophe for the city," is the accelerating toll from AIDS. A large percentage of San Francisco's gay male population will die of the disease over the next decade. "Everybody who is infected will get sick," says Dr. John Ziegler, director of the AIDS clinical research center of the University of California at San Francisco. "Everyone who gets sick will die." A highly regarded Berkeley study suggests that as many as 52% of the city's 70,000 to 100,000 gay men have been exposed to the virus; from 4,000 to 8,000 people will become ill during Agnos' four-



Agnos on election day, and the city with its downtown cluster of densely packed high-rises



year term. Randy Shilts, author of *And the Band Played On*, a chilling chronicle of the disease, says gays in San Francisco are facing an "unrelenting tragedy of increasing proportions."

Agnos, whose sponsorship of AIDS funding legislation in Sacramento earned him strong gay support at the polls, says bluntly, "The city has to get help from the state and the Federal Government, period." The costs of the epidemic to the city have grown from \$184,000 in 1981 to \$17.5 million this year. Fortunately, San Francisco seems better prepared than other U.S. cities to cope with the coming flood of medical needs. Organizations such as the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, Hospice and the Shanti project have developed nationally renowned networks of volunteers to care for the afflicted.

Gays are not the only constituency Agnos must serve. Right under the noses of the white establishment, San Francisco has turned into a city of Pacific Rim immigrants. The Chinese community alone numbers 150,000, the Philippine 70,000. Add to those groups a spicy mixture of Japanese, Thais, Laotians, Cambodians, Vietnamese and Hmong, plus contingents from Pacific Island outposts, and the city that Columnist Herb Caen likes to call "Baghdad by the Bay" more closely resembles Hong Kong East. Says New York-born and Hong Kong-reared Leslie Tang, 32, a commercial developer: "We don't have the political representation that our presence would warrant. We have been accused of being invisible, but there will be a rise in Asian political activity."

The influx of new blood and, to a lesser extent, new money has begun to rebuild the city's business base. According to Dun & Bradstreet, San Francisco leads the nation in business start-ups and, critically, in the survival rate among those start-ups. In 1980 Brandy Ho, an immigrant from Hong Kong two decades earlier, opened his first restaurant in Chinatown. Now Brandy Ho's Hunan Food employs two of his brothers, their wives and a dozen others. Next spring he will open his second outlet. "San Francisco is the best place I've ever been," says Ho.

Tourism constitutes the underpinnings of an economy that still boasts the lowest unemployment figures in the state. Eight million people come each year to attend conventions or huddle on Fisherman's Wharf on cold summer nights. The city generates \$2.8 billion annually from its visitors. Such extensive dependence worries outgoing Mayor Feinstein. "You can't sit on the scenery and wait for things to happen," she says. Agnos says that is perfectly clear to him as well. He has plans to clean up the increasingly seedy Fisherman's Wharf for the benefit of local fishermen and more actively promote the city as a corporate center. "We're not as big as New York, and we're not as spread out as Los Angeles," he says. "We are a family-sized city with a bright economic and residential future." That will be so only if Agnos can solve the considerable problems of the present. —By Paul A. Wittenman/San Francisco

David Burke's Deadly Revenge

A fired airline employee brings down a jetliner

"There's gunfire on board... We're going down."

The distress call came from Pacific Southwest Airlines Flight 1771 halfway on its run from Los Angeles to San Francisco, flying at 22,000 ft. Two minutes later, the British Aerospace commuter jet shrieked toward earth in a nearly vertical dive and disintegrated as it slammed into a hill near Paso Robles in San Luis Obispo County. All 43 aboard were killed, including four executives of Chevron Corp. From that baffling beginning, other messages gradually unraveled the mystery of what had happened.

"Jackie, this is David. I'm on my way to San Francisco, Flight 1771. I love you, I really wish I could say more, but I do love you."

The message on the answering machine of USAir Ticket Agent Jacqueline Ca-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY HANFILLIN



Burke and the shredded debris that apparently resulted from his violent act in the air. Familiarity allowed him to bypass the airport's security checks.

macho in Los Angeles was from her estranged boyfriend. David Burke, 35, was also a USAir agent, who had been fired on Nov. 19 after he was caught stealing \$69 from flight cocktail receipts by a hidden camera. Born in Britain of Jamaican parents, Burke had never married but had fathered seven children by four women. After his dismissal, he turned moody and violent. He had held Camacho and her six-year-old daughter at gunpoint on a forced six-hour auto drive the previous Friday, and he seemed particularly bitter toward the boss who fired him: Raymond Thomson, 48, the USAir customer-service manager in Los Angeles. Thomson commuted regularly by air from his Tiburon home in San Francisco Bay.

"David Burke had been allowed to bypass security screening as a familiar airlines employee."

That was how an FBI affidavit described Burke's boarding of Flight 1771

after purchasing a one-way ticket. Thomson, heading home, got on the same plane.

"We've got a problem here," said a voice on the cockpit tape recorder recovered at the crash site. Then came other, more ominous sounds.

The tape had recorded gunshots, then the sound of pounding on the cockpit door and what the FBI termed the "unauthorized entry" into the flight deck. This was followed by scuffling and shouts in what one investigator described as "a terrible commotion." Finally came a high whine, presumably created by air rushing out of the pressurized cockpit through a bullet hole in a window or wall. Patricia Goldman, head of the National Transportation Safety Board's on-site investigators, said they could find "no apparent problems with the aircraft, frame, structure or engines" that would have led to the crash. Other investigators suggested that both the pilot and copilot had probably been shot.

An inert body slumped against the controls, could throw the plane into a dive.

"There is evidence to believe that David Burke was involved in the destruction of PSA Flight 1771."

That statement from the FBI affidavit was based on evidence found by the probers who picked over the muddy hillside. The grisly discoveries: one of Burke's thumbs, identified by its print, proving he had boarded the flight, and a Smith and Wesson .44 magnum revolver with six empty casings. The FBI found a USAir employee who said Burke had borrowed the gun from him last month. Most incriminating was a note, written in Burke's hand, on the outside of an air-sickness bag. It read:

"Hi, Ray. I think it's sort of ironic that we end up like this. I asked for some leniency for my family, remember. Well I got none. And you'll get none."

—By Ed Magnusson.
Reported by Jerry Hanfillin/Washington and Nancy Seufert/Los Angeles

American Notes



AIR FORCE: a two-man launch-control team for the MX missile, underground in Cheyenne, Wyo.



ARIZONA: flightseeing in the Grand Canyon

AIR FORCE

New Bunker Mates

Deep below ground in 100 concrete launch-control centers across the U.S., teams of paired Air Force officers keep watch over the U.S. ICBM force. Next month that stressful, tedious duty will take on a new complexion. For the first time, the military will permit men and women to share the 24-hour shifts.

Previously, only members of the same sex served together. But the small number of female officers meant there were relatively few all-women teams. This led to scheduling problems as well as resentment among the men, who served many more shifts. The change, says Major Suzanne Randle of the Strategic Air Command in Omaha, "simply reflects an evolution of existing policy."

TELEVANGELISM

The PTL's Day Of Reckoning

The financially troubled PTL ministry that Jim and Tammy Bakker abandoned amid scandal last spring heard from its biggest creditor last week. As thousands of claims were filed against the ministry to meet a deadline imposed by a federal bankruptcy court, the Internal Revenue Service came in with

its long-awaited bill. PTL accountants had estimated the organization's tax debt at \$5 million. That is peanuts compared with the Government's primary claim: \$61.8 million, nearly a third of the ministry's \$170 million in assets—a sum that more than doubles the PTL's debt load.

The ministry is also involved in a dispute over its tax-exempt status. Depending on how much of the operation is declared exempt, the IRS says, the PTL could owe as much as \$82 million for unpaid taxes on business income from its Heritage U.S.A. theme park and other ventures.

Meanwhile, Jim Bakker, who was defrocked by the Assemblies of God last spring, has been ordained as a minister in the Tulsa-based Faith Christian Fellowship International. Bakker, who lost his ministry after it was learned that he had had sex with a church secretary, did not indicate when he will try to return to the pulpit.

FLORIDA

A Flip-Flop On Taxes

Desperate for a way to finance Florida's rapid growth, but prohibited by law from imposing an income tax, Republican Governor Bob Martinez took office this year hoping to find a creative way to raise revenues. He persuaded the Democratic

legislature to impose a 5% sales tax on services ranging from advertising to lawn care to legal advice. But many national corporations, including broadcasters, publishers and advertisers, protested having to pay a levy on the services they provide in Florida. Voters also turned against the new tax—and the Governor.

Last week a special session of the legislature replaced the service tax with a 1% increase in the sales tax. "It's a victory for the people of Florida and a heck of a Christmas present," said Martinez. But the Governor's flip-flops may be costly. Said Democrat Sam Bell, chairman of the powerful house appropriations committee: "His credibility with the legislature is zero."

ARIZONA

Quiet Zones in The Canyon

Hikers who venture into the Grand Canyon complain that the park's majestic tranquility is too often disturbed by the buzz of airplanes overhead. Last week the National Park Service announced restrictions on aircraft that it hopes will satisfy both environmentalists and backpackers as well as so-called flightseers. The plan, ordered by Congress, designates four flight-free zones, totaling 530,000 acres over which aircraft cannot fly at less than 7,000 ft. above the canyon rim.

Between the restricted zones are several corridors where aircraft can ferry tourists. The plan also bans flights below the canyon rim.

WASHINGTON STATE

The Widow Is The Suspect

When Bruce Nickell, 52, a state maintenance worker in Auburn, Wash., collapsed and died in June 1986, doctors attributed his death to emphysema. Five days later Susan Snow, another Auburn resident, died after swallowing an Extra-Strength Excedrin capsule that had been laced with cyanide. Nickell's widow Stella told authorities that her husband had taken Excedrin from the same product lot. They concluded that Nickell too was the victim of a cyanide-laced capsule. The two deaths sparked a major criminal investigation and prompted Excedrin manufacturer Bristol-Myers to issue a nationwide recall.

Last week, in the first indictment of its kind, a federal grand jury charged Stella Nickell with causing the deaths of her husband and Snow by means of tampering with a consumer product. Prosecutors refused to explain her alleged motives, and their memo seeking court approval of her jailing was sealed. If convicted of the tampering charge, Nickell could face life in prison.

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World

COVER STORIES

Famine

Hunger stalks Ethiopia once again—and aid groups fear the worst





They look like the scrawny camp followers of a medieval army as they gather under a huge bluff called Dongordo. The earth is boiled beige, with hardly a blade of green. There are nearly 7,000 of them, and they began assembling here long before dawn. Dressed in ragged homespun cotton and wrapped in long shawls called *netela*, they come in entire families, grandfathers and grandchildren. The men hold herding sticks; the women carry babies bound to their backs with cloth. And then there are the youngsters, some of them naked and with their heads shaved except for a single tuft in front. They are strangely silent.

The multitude comes from two Ethiopian villages, Asbi and Habes, in the dusty, barren hills to the north. Some walked all

day and all night across 31 miles of craggy terrain to reach this scorched patch just outside Wukro, a district capital in the province of Tigre. Once again a drought has cursed Tigre, and once again the hungry have come to receive food from relief workers. Family after family moves past the rough wood table to register for the donations. Each supplicant dips a finger in purple dye to ensure that there is no cheating for seconds. "It is worse this year than it was in 1984 and 1985," laments Chief Elder Muboulle Osman, a tall, worried-looking man of about 50. "There are 72,000 people in this area, and we have no food, not even grazing for our animals. Without this," he gestures toward a long, green tarpaulin piled high with wheat flour, beans and grain, "we would starve and die."

Before the families receive their ration of food, the children are examined by

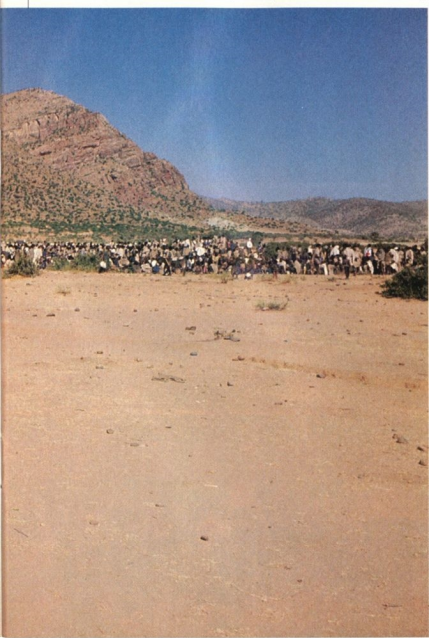
health workers. Their eyes are peered at; their skin is checked. The aides take measurements of each child. If he or she is too small, it can be a sign of chronic malnourishment. Danish Nutritionist Birthe Pedersen, who works for the International Committee of the Red Cross, is measuring an eight-year-old boy. The upper part of his sticklike arm is 9.8 cm around; a normal child's arm is about 15 cm. After the boy walks away, Pedersen looks grim. "He will not live very long," she says.

Three years ago, a famine began to strike Ethiopia with apocalyptic force. Westerners watched in horror as the images of death filled their TV screens: the rows of fly-haunted corpses, the skeletal orphans crouched in pain, the villagers desperately scrambling for bags of grain dropped from the sky. What started out as a trickle of aid turned into a billion-dollar flood. The U.S., the largest donor, sent \$500 million, and that does not include millions in private contributions. Irish Rocker Bob Geldof enlisted the help of his fellow musicians, dubbed his crusade Band Aid and raised \$140 million. The rescue effort was plagued by delays and controversy, and some 1 million Ethiopians eventually died. But more would have perished if the world had not responded so generously.

Today Ethiopia is in the midst of another drought, and thousands of peasants are again on the move, trekking across the parched landscape in search of that bag of flour or handful of beans that will keep them going for a few more days or weeks. Ethiopia, which has earned the unhappy honor of being rated the globe's poorest country by the World Bank (average annual per capita income: \$110; infant mortality rate: 16.8%), is on the brink of disaster again. At least 6 million of its 46 million people face starvation, and only a relief effort on the scale of the one launched three years ago will save them. Some of Ethiopia's needs have already been met, but the grain still required could be the difference between hunger and death for millions. As the cry goes out once more for food and money, the sympathetic cannot be faulted for wondering why this is happening all over again. Is the latest famine wholly the result of cruel nature, or are other, man-made forces at work that worsen the catastrophe?

Elsewhere in Africa, conditions are only slightly less precarious. Millions of people up and down the continent face spending Christmas Eve on empty stomachs. Many will surely die unless food shipments arrive early in 1988. The United Nations' World Food Program puts relief requirements for 15 needy countries at 2.7 million metric tons (the 15: Angola, Botswana, Chad, Ethiopia, Malawi, Mozambique, Niger, Somalia, Sudan, Swaziland, Tanzania, Uganda, Zaïre, Zambia and Zimbabwe). Only half of this goal has been met so far by donors.

The curse of drought: a child is measured at the food station near Wukro, where thousands gather daily for their rations



The situation in Ethiopia is not yet as bad as it was two years ago, when hundreds died daily of hunger and disease in mass feeding camps. As of last week there was enough food to last for a month and enough promised in the international aid pipeline to nourish the country through April. While thousands of peasants have been temporarily uprooted from their villages, they have learned the lesson of 1984-85 and have gone in search of food before they are too weak to travel. U.N. officials say that for the moment there are no permanent feeding camps, where more died of rampant infectious disease than of hunger the last time around. Those who gather at Wukro go back to their villages after receiving a month's supply of food, then return in a month or so.

But things could rapidly deteriorate if the available food cannot be distributed quickly enough. "The next few weeks are crucial," said Dr. Goran Hanson, a Swedish Red Cross worker in Addis Ababa. "If food and transport do not arrive in time to keep people in their villages and prevent them from gathering in famine camps, it will simply be disaster. We desperately need food, trucks and planes. We are now short of all three."

The response from the West has again been generous. Last week BBC Correspondent Michael Buerk, whose reporting first alerted the world to the scope of the last famine, led an appeal that raised \$650,000 in five days. Weeks before the latest drought attracted publicity, the major private food-aid agencies—the Red Cross, Oxfam, Caritas, Care and Catholic Relief Services—were shipping food by sea and air and distributing it to the needy.

Why, after two short years, do hundreds of thousands, even millions, again face starvation? While Western experts primarily blame the lack of rain, many place much of the responsibility on the shoulders of Ethiopian President Mengistu Haile Mariam, whose rigid and secretive Communist regime has done little to avert another tragedy. Not only does the Addis Ababa government seem more concerned with putting down various insurgencies than with feeding the hungry, but it has also continued policies that seem designed to aggravate rather than resolve problems of poverty.

Those policies include a population-resettlement program, the opening of Soviet-style collective farms and a "villagization" effort that moves farmers off their isolated homesteads and into government-built settlements. The collective farms are such a doctrinaire Stalinist scheme that even the Soviet Union has urged officials in Addis Ababa to scale back their ambitious plans.

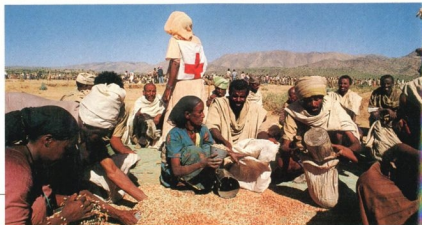
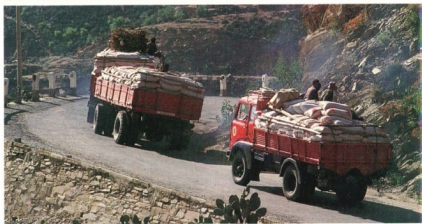
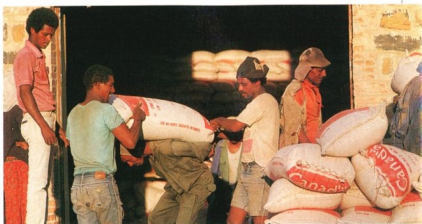
Geldof, who received an honorary knighthood from Queen Elizabeth II for

his Band Aid efforts, was back in Ethiopia last week, and his indictment of Mengistu's role in the new famine was harsh and to the point: "I would say that the cardinal responsibility of any government is to feed its own people, and any government refusing to do that is irresponsible."

In 1984 hundreds of thousands had already starved to death before the government admitted to a famine. And Mengistu, a former army major with a tendency toward the grandiose, was widely denounced for spending an estimated \$100 million to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the revolution that deposed Emperor Haile Selassie. There are signs he may be curbing his spendthrift

ways: in September, when the country was renamed the People's Democratic Republic of Ethiopia, Mengistu opted for a cocktail party instead of a banquet.

Like much of Africa, Ethiopia has always been subject to ecological disaster. Droughts and famines were reported as early as 253 B.C. In the great drought of 1888, a third of the population is said to have died from malnourishment and disease. This latest calamity is part of a 30-year pattern that has seen the rains repeatedly fail along the Sahel, the wide swath of land that cuts Africa in half just below the Sahara. After the 1984-85 drought, which killed an estimated 2 million people in Africa, there was a brief period of uncommon



The gift of life: workers at Asmara, top, unload wheat donated by Canada from trucks that braved roads threatened by rebels. At Wukro, bottom and right, villagers wait patiently for their share of grain

optimism in Addis Ababa. In 1985 and 1986 the rains were good for the first time since 1981. Though hunger persisted, not one was starving. When the rains came on schedule last June, it looked as if the nation would have a third year of good luck. But July was bone dry—not a drop of water the entire month. Stubbornly hopeful, farmers replanted. In August the rain sputtered, then, late in the month, stopped. The crops withered and died.

Worst hit was the far northern province of Eritrea along the Red Sea, where the crop failure exceeded 80%. More than 40% of the harvest was lost in Tigre, 44% in Wollo and 35% in Harar, the Ogaden desert region that juts into Somalia. Alto-

gether, nine of Ethiopia's 14 provinces are suffering food shortages.

In this age of the green revolution, with crop yields skyrocketing, drought no longer automatically means famine. India, for example, is now in the midst of its worst drought in decades, but because it has a food surplus and a relatively organized system for feeding the hungry, few are expected to starve. Usually it is the combination of drought, mismanagement and civil war that brings famine. Ethiopia is afflicted with all three.

Getting the food to the hungry is made more difficult by inadequate port facilities, poor or nonexistent roads and insufficient planes and trucks to transport food to rural

areas. But the biggest block in the pipeline is civil strife. The government is battling 23 rebel groups and factions in every part of the country. The two strongest insurgent armies are in Tigre and Eritrea, the provinces hit hardest by the drought. Eritrea has been in rebellion against the government ever since it was annexed by Ethiopia in 1962, and a guerrilla movement began building in Tigre in 1977.

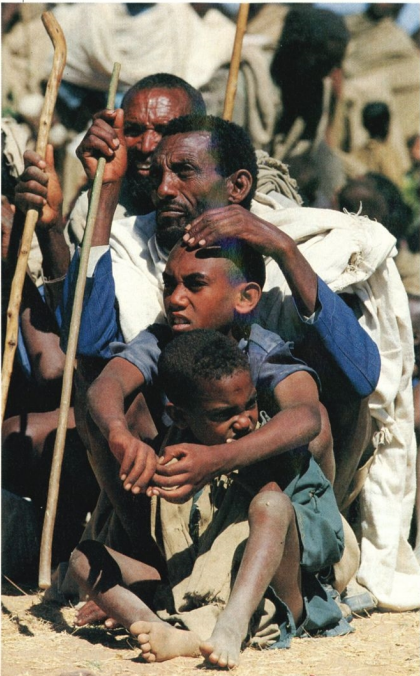
During the last famine the rebels and international agencies had a policy of live and let live. But in late October, Eritrean People's Liberation Front guerrillas attacked an unguarded convoy of 23 trucks on its way from Asmara, capital of Eritrea, to Mekele, capital of Tigre. One driver was killed, and the trucks—loaded with 674 tons of food, enough to feed 30,000 people for a month—were destroyed by grenades. The E.P.L.F. claimed that some of the trucks contained military equipment, a charge that U.N. officials deny. Since then, the E.P.L.F. has attacked two Ethiopian military-civilian convoys that reportedly included food trucks.

The rebel sabotage brought the entire operation for Tigre and Eritrea to a halt for more than a month.

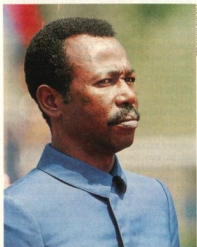
Not only were the convoys under threat from Eritrean and Tigrean rebels, but even those agencies willing to risk assault could not move their trucks because the government closed the roads. "If many people die this year and next, it will not be due to drought but the politico-military situation," said one relief worker.

Convoys are moving again during daylight hours in Eritrea, with agency staffers driving the perilous roads at their own risk. But much of Tigre remains cut off; the Tigrean People's Liberation Front has demanded that the Mengistu government rescind its resettlement policy before it guarantees the safety of the food trucks.

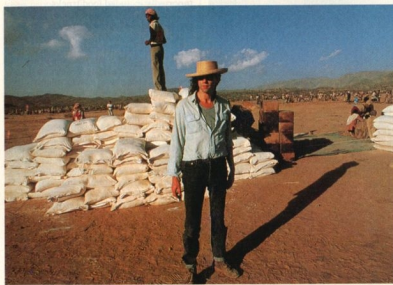
Resettlement is an ambitious government scheme to move 1.5 million peasants from the overcrowded and barren north to the more fertile south. While international agricultural officials acknowledge that the program is a legitimate effort to solve some of the country's long-term social and economic problems, they charge that in past years the Mengistu government carried it out with unnecessary cruelty. According to some Western diplomats, the regime broke up families and forced villagers to move to



World



Opposing forces: the secretive Mengistu and his sworn enemy, an Eritrean rebel



Rock's outspoken savior: Bob Geldof at a distribution center in Tigre last week

"Both the government and the rebels are using food as a means of power."

camps that had no housing, no water, no health facilities and often no food. Of the 600,000 northerners who were resettled during the last famine, 100,000 died, according to Doctors Without Borders, a Paris-based relief group. The government ejected the group from the country at the end of 1985 after labeling its charges "preposterous." Nonetheless, Mengistu suspended the resettlement program in early 1986, only to restart it last month. So far, 7,000 "volunteers" have been moved south, and the government plans to transfer up to 300,000 next year.

The rebels assert that the real motive behind the program is to persecute Eritreans and Tigreans and drain the rebel fronts of potential recruits. Dr. Frederick Machmer, head of the U.S. relief team in Addis Ababa, believes the rebels are disrupting the aid effort so the international

community will accept "that they are a force to be reckoned with and that they control areas of the north." Geldof, whose organization owned some of the trucks blown up in October, finds the tactics of both sides despicable. Said he last week: "To attack food trucks and seal off roads in these conditions is tantamount to mass murder."

The convoy attacks are all the more tragic because the international agencies were well prepared to cope with the famine this time around. The U.N. and the Ethiopian government kept abreast of agricultural conditions through an "early warning system" that included satellite surveillance of farming areas. Months ago, at the first sign that the rains might fail, the agencies acted. One of the first nations to dispatch aid was the U.S., whose Agency for International Development is still bitter over

charges that it did not do enough during the last crisis.

AID dispatched 10,000 tons of food to Ethiopia on May 7, when crops failed in Harar. When the rains failed in the highlands in July, 10,000 tons were sent to bolster the country's reserves. And when it was certain that a new drought had begun in August, the U.S. approved the delivery of 115,000 tons, valued at \$43 million. The first 30,000 tons are scheduled to arrive this month.

In Washington, Reagan Administration officials speak proudly of the U.S. contribution two years ago and now. Said one: "The last time around we got criticized for not doing enough, but we spent half a billion dollars trying to help starving people. What did the Russians do? They gave Ethiopia two planes." The Soviets insist they gave much more, including food, medicine, blankets and tents, and they are pouring in humanitarian aid now. Western experts say these claims are overstated.

Despite a continuing flow of arms from Moscow, Western diplomats suspect that the Soviets are not happy with their ally. When Mengistu visited Moscow in April, Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev cautioned him to "proceed from realities and not outrun stages of development." Politburo Member Lev Zaikov was reportedly blunter when he visited Addis Ababa in September.

Last Saturday the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), which has been monitoring the drought situation from the start, issued a new report that increased the projected food need for 1988 from 950,000 tons to 1.3 million tons. So far, 550,000 tons have been promised by aid groups, or 42% of what will be needed. Michael Priestley, the U.N. official who coordinates the overall relief program in Ethiopia, stresses that more aid must be committed immediately. "It will take five months for a food shipment to get here if it is pledged this week," he said. "If we don't get the pledges now, there will be a break in the pipeline."

Forty-two thousand tons of food are currently in Ethiopia, with shipments arriving daily. By the end of this month, an additional 90,000 tons are expected, thus ensuring Ethiopia enough food through Christmas if some of the hungry are put on three-quarter rations. Relief workers are racing to distribute food. Rebel attacks and logistical problems have cost valuable time, however, and in the past few days the pace has quickened. Last week three transport planes left Europe for Ethiopia and are now airlifting food from Asmara, near the Red Sea port of Assab, to Mekele. The European Community, which organized the operation, eventually hopes to deploy ten planes. "The airlift is vital," says Priestley. "But 700,000 people in Tigre need food immediately, and the aircraft must be backed up by trucks. If we don't start widespread distribution, there will be famine camps."

FAO officials are also sounding the



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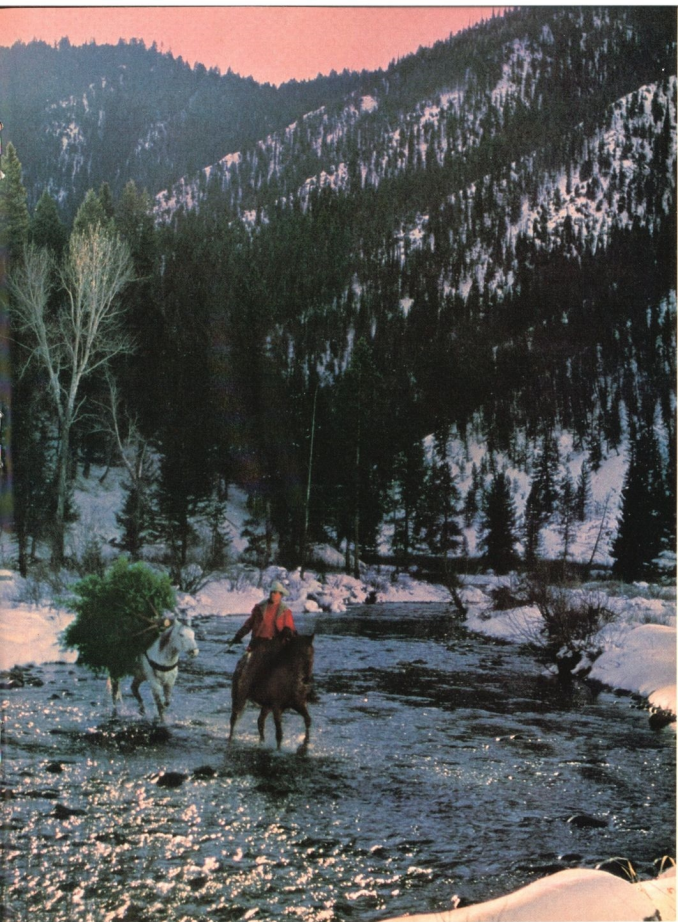


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alarm. "In terms of organization, we are better equipped this time," says Peter Newhouse, a senior FAO economist. "But if donation decisions are not made immediately, and it's not raining in Ethiopia by March, then we are in trouble. We will move from a disaster to a catastrophe."

The tragedy that afflicts Ethiopia also plagues much of Africa. The belt of privation cuts a ragged T through the continent. The horizontal bar is made up of the famine-prone nations of the Sahel; the vertical bar extends from the Sudan down through Uganda, Tanzania, Malawi, Zambia, Mozambique and into tiny Lesotho. To the west of this scythe of hunger lie Zaïre and Angola.

The worst threat of famine is in war-torn countries and their neighbors. Sudan, for example, is home to about 975,000 refugees, 70% from Ethiopia and the rest from Uganda, Zaïre and Chad. While traditionally gracious hosts to those in need, the Sudanese are also enduring a drought and are rapidly losing patience. Earlier this year Ethiopian refugees streaming into the Sudanese border town of Kassala were attacked by mobs. "We have been involved in refugee problems since the Congo crisis of the 1960s," says Al-Amin Abdul Latif, Sudan's Ambassador to Egypt. "Enough is enough."

One of Africa's neediest cases is Mozambique, the former Portuguese colony on the Indian Ocean that is almost as poor as Ethiopia. Mozambique has been embroiled in civil war from the moment it became independent in 1975. Its economic infrastructure has been destroyed by rebels, and the U.N. estimates that 6 million people face starvation in the west and north, where reliefworkers are afraid to go. Says a Mozambican army officer who recently toured some of the worst-hit areas: "I talked to people who had barely enough flesh to cover their skeletons. Their bones made noises under the skin."

In Angola, where the Soviet-backed government is battling South African-supported rebels, the famine is mostly man-made. In some disputed areas, there are acres of ripe grain that cannot be harvested because the fields are laced with finger-size mines. Relief convoys find few passable roads and are in constant danger of attack from rebels. Though statistics are hard to come by, those who suffer most in Angola seem to be the young. The U.N. Office of Emergency Operations reported in 1986 that up to 45% of the children in Huambo province, where guerrilla activity is common, suffered from malnutrition.

Another nation in agony is Malawi, which is suffering from both disastrous crop failures and an influx of 300,000 refugees from neighboring Mozambique. "Unless massive food supplies are brought in urgently," says a Western aid official, thousands will die.

Even when the rains come, they can be a cruel gift. Heavy downpours swept over parts of southern Africa two weeks ago, breaking a harsh drought. But they also destroyed some of the more delicate plants that had survived the dry spell, and the soggy ground will hamper distribution of maize meal recently shipped into the area by the U.N.

Will Africa, fabulously rich in natural resources, ever end the cycle of war, dis-

not hesitate to twist arms. The E.C. and the World Bank are currently withholding \$250 million in development aid for Ethiopia until its leaders agree to raise artificially low prices for agricultural products and allow farmers to sell more of their products on the open market. "For humanitarian aid, there are no conditions," says an E.C. spokesman. "For structural aid, there are conditions."

In Ethiopia, says Jay F. Morris, deputy U.S. aid administrator, "the problem is fundamental. They are taking a bad ecological situation and making it worse. By forcing farmers who do grow more than they consume to sell to the state at prices below the cost of production, they are not providing the incentive to produce the

maximum that the land, however poor, would yield." Ethiopia's food production now totals 6.8 million tons a year, with little prospect for future growth; Western experts say the country will require an estimated 2 million tons of imported food in 1990. It almost seems, says Morris with a sigh, that the Ethiopians are "determined to render themselves a perpetual beggar nation."

Meanwhile, the people of Ethiopia seem rich only in patience. As the sun climbs in the sky, those awaiting food donations outside Wukro quietly sit on their haunches. One man, Gebre Yohanes Haile, 50, has brought along his chief resource: his ox. His family is sick with hunger, and so only he and the animal made the journey. Thus he will receive just one ration: twelve kilos of wheat, two of beans and two of oil. He will sell his ox for \$200, and then

pay \$150 for 100 kilos of grain, twice the usual cost. "We have food for today," Gebre says. "I don't know about tomorrow."

A dull roar rises from the crowd. Registration is over, and distribution has begun. Men in white shirts decorated with big red crosses dole out the rations. Elders load the 100-lb. bags onto their backs and scurry back to their village groups, shoving people out of the way as they go. As the grain is divided, the people smile. They laugh. Some even sing. They are happy. They have food.

"They won't be laughing in a couple of weeks' time," says an Ethiopian official with tears in his eyes. "Now they smile even on half rations because today they can exist." His gloomy prediction seems true. The road between Mekele and Wukro remains closed most of the time. And nobody knows just when the next food convoy will come.

—By Michael S. Serrill.
Reported by Leonora Dodsworth/Rome, Scott MacLeod/Washington and James Wilde/Wukro



Images of misery: a victim of the 1984 famine crouches in pain
Will the cycle that keeps Africa poor and famished ever end?

ease and overpopulation that helps to keep it poor and famished? Most African governments, including those much less radical than Ethiopia, continue to be wedded to quasi-socialist, postcolonial economic policies that reduce agricultural productivity, even as populations soar and create a voracious demand for more food. "In contemporary Africa, both rural starvation and rising levels of urban employment are the outcome of a set of agricultural policies designed to subsidize the cost of living of urban consumers at the expense of rural producers," says Michael Lofchie, an Africa expert at UCLA. Since 75% of Africa's people still live in rural areas, such a policy is a prescription for deepening poverty.

Only now have some governments, encouraged by the U.S. and Western Europe, acknowledged that farmers have to be given financial incentives to produce more. With the continent \$200 billion in debt to the West, the lending nations have

Does Helping Really Help?

The West's dilemma: aid to the starving may benefit those who made them starve



Am I my brother's keeper? God answered Cain's evasive question by putting him under an eternal curse, and so the traditional answer has been a cautious affirmative. But what if my brother already has a keeper, one who has a gun and who claims the right to decide whether my brother will get any of the food I send him?

That is more or less the question that bedevils Western officials as they face the horrors of another famine in the Ethiopia of Lieut. Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam. All too clear in the public memory are those televised pictures from 1984-85 of starving children with their matchstick arms, their swollen bellies and their huge, staring eyes. The public may also remember reports of relief shipments being taxed \$50 a ton to help finance Mengistu's 225,000-man army, the largest in black Africa, and of sacks of Western grain rotting on the docks or disappearing into the black market.

As if Mengistu's tyranny were not bad enough, the secessionist rebels in famine-threatened Eritrea are now showing that they too can and will interfere with United Nations food shipments. Says Manuel Pietri of the Paris-based International Aid Against Hunger: "There is a perverse game between the government and the rebels to make aid not work, unless, of course, they can turn it to their own advantage." But the stronger of the two parties, Mengistu's government, is the source of most of the trouble. Says an aid official in Washington: "I'll tell you what the government's three priorities are: fighting the rebels, fighting the rebels and fighting the rebels." Comments a colleague: "The Ethiopian government has the worst human rights record in Africa."

This sense of Ethiopia as a bottomless sinkhole for Western aid inspires some skeptical experts to wonder whether such assistance is really wise. Regular international rescue efforts do little to encourage recipients to learn to feed themselves, the skeptics argue, and a tougher approach just might force Ethiopia to mend its ways. "What will aid do?" asked Britain's *Economist* last month. "It will strengthen the dominion of Ethiopia's ignorant rul-

ers. The weather is the only calamity not directly caused by Colonel Mengistu... and his cronies. Their Russian advisers have taught them to run vast state farms that produce no food. Imitating Stalin's anti-kulak terror, they have shot 'hoarders and saboteurs' prudent enough to store grain... Help for the starving may make

peals from humanitarian agencies to come to the rescue." But as a French government official asks, "Who is going to take the responsibility for saying 'All right, now we're going to stop all aid. Finished. Not one more sack of flour?' At that point, you've reached the political and moral limits of the debate."

What must be done, according to U.S. Congressman Toby Roth, a Wisconsin Republican, and William H. Gray III, a Pennsylvania Democrat, is to put economic pressure on the Mengistu regime until it stops violating the basic human and civil rights of its people. Last January they introduced a bill, now cosponsored by 81 other Congressmen, that would prohibit all U.S. loans and new private investments in Ethiopia and would ban all imports of the country's coffee, its main export. "Ethiopia is a stench in the nostrils of humanity," says Roth. "We are not going to stop humanitarian aid. There are people starving, and we want to help those people. But we don't want to help Mengistu. We are in a dilemma. It is like trying to pick up a porcupine."



GROWING MILLET ON THE DESERT'S EDGE

"Who is going to take the responsibility for saying 'All right, now we're going to stop all aid. Finished. Not one more sack of flour?'"

some of them suffer more, and reinforce the grip of the government that caused them to starve. Yet something must be done."

But what? "The aid Ethiopians need is diplomatic pressure, not food," says Rony Brauman of Doctors Without Borders, a French charitable organization that was expelled from Ethiopia two years ago for criticizing Mengistu's brutally handled program to resettle residents of rebel-threatened areas. "If we have a duty, it is to pressure the government to change its policies. Otherwise, in two or three years, we're going to see the same bodies, the same TV footage, the same ap-

policy," says Jay F. Morris, deputy administrator of the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID). "For most governments, to lose a million of their citizens would generally force some sort of change in policy, but it didn't there. So I would argue that the withdrawal of our assistance would probably doom more innocents to a meaningless death... Given our American tradition of providing help, it would be barbaric for us to turn our backs."

The idea that governments have a moral obligation to feed the inhabitants of other countries is a relatively recent notion. For centuries, hunger was a major

weapon of war. Starvation was taken for granted during the great sieges of the Middle Ages and the religious wars of early modern times. Victims of 19th century famines in Ireland and Russia were encouraged to emigrate elsewhere. Charity was basically a responsibility of the church, or of no one.

When Britain blockaded the German coast during World War I, it was considered somewhat quixotic for a young U.S. official named Herbert Hoover to organize a relief program that fed 10 million civilians in German-occupied Belgium. Early in World War II, when Germany once more occupied Belgium and Britain again blockaded the coast, the then neutral U.S. considered renewing its Belgian relief—until Winston Churchill adamantly forbade it.

In the half-century since then, feeding the world's hungry has become an accepted part of Western foreign policy, sometimes for political gain but often as an end in itself. Many people consider it morally wrong not to give food to poorer countries when the West has so much of it, especially in this year of near record U.S. farm output and a growing West European food glut. "If there is any politics in what we are doing," says Frederick Machmer, U.S. AID chief in Addis Ababa, "it is the fact that the U.S. public would be very angry if we didn't give food aid to the Ethiopians." To Brother Gus, an Irish missionary who works in Addis Ababa, the matter is simple. "If you can stomach thousands of children dying for lack of food because you don't like the government, that is your problem," he says. "My problem is to try to feed them all, children, the parents, the aged, the young, wherever they may be."

Despite the criticisms of Mengistu's regime, some of his heavy-handed policies appear to have rationales behind them. It is true, of course, that rebellious Eritrea, governed as an Italian colony from 1890 until World War II, has a tribal makeup different from the rest of Ethiopia. Yet the country as a whole contains more than 80 distinct ethnic groups, and poverty-stricken Eritrea could hardly survive as an independent entity. It is also likely that Mengistu's motives for forcibly transporting 600,000 peasants from Eritrea and neighboring Tigre to the less populated southern part of the country were more political than humanitarian. Nonetheless, a number of Western experts have agreed that those parched and eroded northern provinces cannot support their inhabitants as well as the more fertile south.

Similar reasoning applies to Mengistu's much criticized policy of "villagization," which coerces peasants to move from their scattered farms into village col-

lectives. "What makes developing countries really backward is their inability to benefit from modern science and technology," Mengistu told *TIME* in an interview last year. "People live in isolation on hilltops . . . It is only when you have peasants together in villages that they can benefit from . . . technology to combat difficult conditions."

Though Mengistu is widely blamed for the disaster, the series of famines actually began in 1973, under the inept and autocratic Emperor Haile Selassie. Far from seeking help, the Ethiopian government in the 1970s strenuously denied that any famine existed, and U.N. officials diplomatically remained silent about the tragedy.

Some reputable outside observers

the complaints about Mengistu were true. Fitzpatrick adds, "to the extent that food given to a country saves the government of that country the foreign exchange it would have to spend on that food—O.K., food aid helps support that government. But you have to ask, 'Without food aid, would the government spend less on its war effort, or would it let these people starve?'"

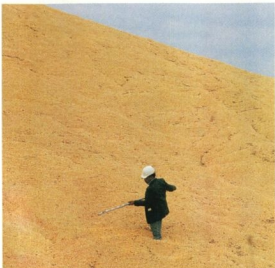
To Mengistu's critics, all such defenses are simply evidence that those who want to provide aid become prisoners of the system: anyone who faults the dictator risks being expelled, like France's Doctors Without Borders. "We have to be discreet," concedes Frank Conlon, Africa program director for Lutheran World Relief. "In relief situations, you often don't have a lot of time for dialogue." Says Laura Kullenberg, director of the Horn of Africa program run by Oxfam America: "This is a life-and-death situation, and our choices are limited. Our mission is to make sure food gets to people in need, not to make a political point."

U.S. officials estimate that there is now enough food committed to Ethiopia to last until spring, but whether it gets out of the warehouses and to the hungry depends heavily on the available transportation. Relief officials estimate they need nearly 300 additional trucks to haul food from distribution centers to rural areas, but the Mengistu regime has thus far provided only 100. So welfare officials are falling back on a vastly expensive airlift. It is notable that the Soviets, who sell Mengistu most of his weapons, have sent very little in the way of either food or transport.

"What will we in the West do?" observes Pietri of International Aid Against Hunger. "We will end by choosing the most costly, screwed-up solution that benefits the least amount of people, and we'll do it in a spectacular way." But just how much real choice is there? "The ethic is an absolute one," says Daniel Callahan, director of the Hastings Center, a New York-based institute that studies moral issues. "The price of not providing aid is a basic denial of humanity, far greater than the possible political damage. It may indeed help a corrupt and totalitarian regime, but you cannot ignore the fundamental necessity of life." So as the West wonders whether it should bail out that infuriating regime once again, the answer appears to be unpleasant but nonetheless unavoidable: yes, because everyone is his brother's keeper when that brother is starving.

—By Otto Friedrich.

Reported by Alastair Matheson/Nairobi and Tala Skari/Paris



A MOUNTAIN OF SURPLUS CORN IN INDIANA

"If there is any politics in what we are doing, it is the fact that the U.S. public would be very angry if we didn't give food aid to the Ethiopians."

think criticism of the Mengistu regime has been exaggerated. One of them is Father Thomas Fitzpatrick, director of Caritas International, the Rome-based Catholic emergency-aid organization. "There was not massive corruption or diversion during the 1984 famine," says Fitzpatrick, an American who supervised Catholic aid in Ethiopia at the time. "There weren't distribution foul-ups to the extent that has been reported. It's true that some ships were backed up in the harbors. True, it rained once unexpectedly, and some grain was exposed and began to rot. But no more than 3% of all the aid that went through our hands went to waste." Even if

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World

NICARAGUA

Tales of a Sandinista Defector

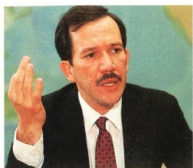
An explosive saga of Soviet MiGs and Swiss bank accounts

Acceptance speeches by Nobel Peace prizewinners tend to be windy affairs, but Oscar Arias Sánchez's message last week was short, simple—and aimed directly at the two superpowers. "Let Central Americans decide the future of Central America," the Costa Rican President told his Oslo audience. "Send our people plowshares instead of swords." Then Arias, who won his prize for formulating last summer's Central American peace plan, beamed happily as he accepted his gold medal.

On the same day in Washington, Major Röger Miranda Bengochea met with American journalists for the first time since he defected from Nicaragua two months ago. Miranda, 34, who served as the chief aide to Defense Minister Humberto Ortega Saavedra, is the most important Sandinista defector ever. In a five-hour interview, Miranda detailed explosive charges that could worsen Nicaragua's relations with its neighbors and the U.S., as well as damage Arias' peace plan. Among his claims:

- Nicaragua's military plans include receipt of a dozen Soviet MiG-21 jet fighters and the doubling of its armed forces and reserves, to 590,000, by 1995.
- Managua continues to provide logistical and matériel support to leftist rebels in El Salvador and Guatemala despite repeated denials that it is doing so.
- Panama's Strongman Manuel Antonio Noriega supplies Nicaragua with intelligence reports on U.S. military movements in the region.
- Defense Minister Ortega, brother of Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega, has close to \$1.5 million in diverted Defense Ministry funds in a Swiss bank account.

Miranda's tale comes at a delicate moment. Arias' accord, signed by Nicaragua, includes a pledge to halt aid to regional rebel forces and a vague commitment to reduce armed forces. "While Daniel Ortega was talking about [peace]," Miranda charges, "he was taking part in discussions to have by far the largest armed forces in the region." The bill for the buildup would allegedly be footed by Moscow. Last week, as Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev and President Reagan basked in goodwill, Miranda was kept from sight. After five weeks of debriefing by CIA, Pentagon and State Department officials, four reporters were permitted to talk with him on the condition that no



Major Miranda speaking to U.S. journalists
Charges that could damage a peace plan.

stories be printed until this week.

The question, of course, is whether the major can be trusted. After Miranda sought protection at the U.S. embassy in Mexico City in late October, Humberto Ortega charged that his deputy had been "touched by the CIA" a month earlier. Miranda claims that the defection was his own idea, born of a mounting disillusionment with the Sandinista regime. There seems little doubt that at least some of his information is accurate. As Ortega's right-hand man, Miranda had access to high-level meetings and sensitive documents. Ortega has conceded that Miranda's defection was the "most important betrayal" ever suffered by the Sandinista People's Army. But last week an army spokesman dismissed Miranda's charges. "He is emotionally and mentally unbalanced," said Major Rosa Pasos. She added that Humberto Ortega would not com-

ment because "we do not believe it merits a response."

Miranda charged that in early October Humberto Ortega, the head of the Soviet military mission in Nicaragua (identified as a "General Zaitsev") and his Cuban counterpart discussed a five-year military plan extending through 1995. Among Miranda's documents is an agreement outlining the plan, which specifies that Nicaragua will receive twelve MiGs, an additional squadron of Mi-24 combat choppers, and medium-range surface-to-air missiles. Miranda notes that the Sandinistas could use the MiGs to intercept supply flights to the U.S.-backed *contras*. The Reagan Administration has repeatedly warned that the delivery of MiGs to Nicaragua would be unacceptable and has hinted that it might provoke an armed U.S. response.

Some of Miranda's information was painstakingly detailed. Charging corruption within the Sandinista directorate, he claimed that Humberto Ortega, under other names, maintains a bank account, No. 58946, in a Swiss branch of the National Bank of Paris. As of last October, Miranda claimed, the account totaled \$1,495,596, all of it diverted between 1981 and 1986 from Defense Ministry coffers.

Miranda also detailed instances of alleged double-dealing by Noriega. He charged that the Panamanian general regularly informs Nicaragua's Chief of Army Intelligence Major Ricardo Wheelock of military movements involving the U.S. Southern Command in Panama, which is the U.S. military headquarters for Latin America. Miranda charged that last August, as relations between the Reagan Administration and Noriega soured, the Panamanian told Wheelock that he wanted to send arms through Nicaragua to the Salvadoran rebels. Miranda claimed that top Sandinistas approved the scheme, but he does not know if the shipment took place.

Last week Humberto Ortega had other matters to deal with. He announced that Sandinista infantrymen had shot down a single-engine Cessna plane and captured an American "mercenary," James Denby, 57, a pilot who divides his time between a corn and soybean farm in Carlisle, Ill., and a ranch in Costa Rica. Two days before the incident, Denby had requested permission to fly over Nicaragua to reach Costa Rica. The Sandinistas charged that Denby was on an espionage mission for the *contras*. But it appeared that if it came down to comparing the propaganda value of a Denby with that of a Miranda, the U.S. would have to be judged the clear winner.

—By Jill Smolowe, reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington



Hapless Pilot Denby in happier times jokingly displays a Sandinista flag

World



The game is over: the rebel colonel, left, shakes hands with Brigadier General Montano

THE PHILIPPINES

Roundup of an Elusive Renegade

Coup Leader "Gringo" Honasan falls into government hands

For three months Army Colonel Gregorio ("Gringo") Honasan, 39, had profoundly unsettled the Philippines. As the leader of a military uprising that exploded in Manila on Aug. 28, he ignited the most violent fighting to rack the capital since 1945, and nearly toppled President Corason Aquino. Then, as the Philippine army swung to Aquino's side, Honasan and a band of followers embarked on a dangerous game of hide-and-seek. From sanctuaries around the capital, the colonel issued tirades against the government, castigating it for ineffectiveness in fighting the insurgent, Communist-led New People's Army. The military's inability—or unwillingness—to capture the rebel reinforced a widespread perception that the government was not in control of events.

Last week the game came to a sudden end, the result, said Brigadier General Ramon Montano of the capital's defense command, of "plain detective work." As darkness fell on Las Villas de Valle Verde, an exclusive residential park in suburban Manila, 35 soldiers raided a town house in the enclave. Battering in windows and pounding their automatic rifles against walls, the squad rounded up the elusive Honasan and three associates as some of them relaxed over a meal. Some soldiers in the raiding party saluted as their captive was led away.

Honasan was driven directly to armed forces headquarters at Camp Aguinaldo. He calmly saluted as Armed Forces Chief of Staff General Fidel Ramos, whose loyalty to Aquino proved decisive on Aug. 28, extended a hand toward him. "We shall guarantee Honasan honorable treatment under due process of law," said Ramos. The general reported that Honasan was willing to cooperate: "He has said he will

do what he can to bring [other rebels] in."

The colonel's capture will probably diminish, at least for the moment, the threat of government destabilization at the hands of Young Turks in the military. The dissidents, members of the Reform the Armed Forces Movement, which was decisive in toppling Ferdinand Marcos, are widely respected and admired for their integrity among Filipino soldiers. But it was plain last week that Honasan had failed to enlist that support effectively in his cause. After the colonel's capture, Ramos said that only twelve dissident Filipino officers and about 90 enlisted men remained on the loose.

The capture also distracted the country from a dismaying event: the apparent suicide of Jaime Ongpin, Aquino's respected former Finance Secretary. Ongpin was the first prominent businessman to support Aquino's presidential candidacy. Dismissed in Cabinet jockeying that followed Honasan's uprising, the wealthy Ongpin had since been depressed, according to associates. He was discovered with a bullet in his head and a gun in his right hand—though his intimates were quick to point out that he is left-handed.

Honasan's detention, said President Aquino, "should reassure all peace-loving Filipinos that our country is headed for much better times." But judging the rebel will be a challenge for her. Within hours of his detention, posters went up around Manila's Roxas Boulevard demanding AMNESTY FOR GRINGO. Aquino is unlikely to honor that plea. She holds him personally responsible for the 53 people killed and the more than 300 injured on Aug. 28, one of them her only son, Benigno. —By Howard G. Chua-Eoan, Reported by Nelly Sindzen and William Stewart/Manila

HAITI

Living with A Nightmare

As strikes fizzle, the junta announces new elections

Word had gone out that the memorial service for the 17 victims of a savage election-day attack on a schoolhouse in downtown Port-au-Prince was set for 9 a.m. But when the hour tolled, the Basilica Notre Dame was empty, and churchworkers began locking up the faded pink-and-yellow cathedral. The attendants nervously explained that the service had been canceled "because of rain." On the steps of the cathedral, a 79-year-old man squinted at the light drizzle. "People are too scared," he whispered. "It is still too soon."

Less than two weeks after a bloody rampage by soldiers and armed thugs made a farce of the country's attempt at a democratic transition, the people of Haiti were still in shock. Efforts floundered to forge a united opposition to the three-man provisional government headed by Lieut. General Henri Namphy. The four leading presidential candidates supported calls for general strikes last week, but their goals initially differed. Some aimed to dissolve the government, while others demanded reinstatement of a nine-member independent electoral council disbanded by Namphy. By week's end all four agreed to call on the junta to resign. Meanwhile, many Haitians worried about the adverse financial consequences of a protracted strike. The result: two days of spotty protests that were in stark contrast to last June's successful strikes, which foiled Namphy's attempt to wrest control of the country's voting process from the electoral council. Said a factory worker locked out of his job: "The only way to strike against these people is with arms."

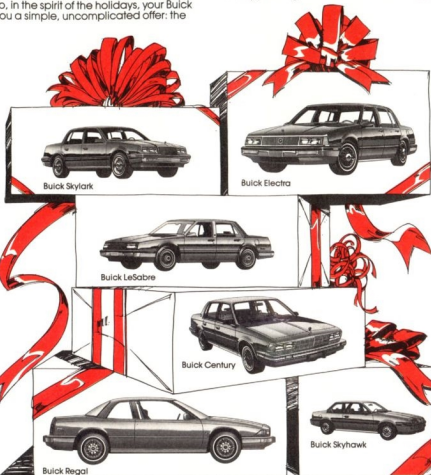
The failure of the general strike seemed to embolden the army-dominated government. Since the election cancellation, the junta has paraded a stream of Duvalierists before television cameras to denounce the electoral council and American interference. More to the point, the government-owned TV station has repeatedly flashed a message across the screen: I WILL ONLY SURRENDER THIS TOWN WHEN IT IS REDUCED TO ASHES, AND WHEN IT IS REDUCED TO ASHES, I WILL CONTINUE TO FIGHT. The quote is well known, the pledge of an early 19th century Haitian revolutionary leader to fight French colonists. But most Haitians understood the history lesson to be a warning that Namphy's junta would keep attempting to ensure its own survival. Said a Haitian businessman: "No one doubts now that the military is prepared to go to any extreme to retain power."

According to a former Haitian army

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Watchful gaze: government troops patrol Port-au-Prince during last week's general strike

officer who now lives in Miami, the real strongman is not Namphy, but Colonel Jean-Claude Paul, commander of an infantry battalion that includes more than 700 soldiers and armed civilians. The officer claims that without Paul's cooperation, military and paramilitary forces could not have aborted the balloting. Paul is known to have a close working relation-

ship with Claude Raymond, a former general whose presidential campaign was crushed when the electoral council disqualified twelve candidates, citing the new constitution's widely popular ten-year ban on Duvalierists seeking public office.

Still, Namphy cannot be absolved of responsibility for the election-day car-

nage. Haitian sources say that at 1:20 a.m., just hours before the polls opened, Namphy drove in a convoy to the National Palace, where he helped oversee the disruptions. Says a Haitian who claims to have witnessed the convoy: "He was in on the planning and execution of the entire scenario."

Certainly, Namphy hardly seems inclined to step down. Since the election, he has made public overtures of friendship to Panamanian General Manuel Antonio Noriega, suggesting that Namphy may be looking to mirror the Panamanian model of a puppet civilian regime controlled by a muscular army. "Military leaders are so bent on retaining power that they want to make sure that whatever civilian comes in will offer them the necessary protection," says a businessman with ties to the military.

Last week the government announced that new elections will be held Jan. 17 and that a new electoral law will be unveiled this week. Already, four of the top presidential candidates have said they will not run in an election so clearly orchestrated by the military. Eliminating independent candidates from the ballot, however, may be precisely what Namphy has in mind.

—By Jill Smolowe. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Miami and Cristina Garcia/Port-au-Prince

SOUTH AFRICA

Quiet Sting

A diplomat makes his mark

I sense a growing realization that a valid political system here must be one that correlates with the demographics of the country—not merely black participation or black cooperation, but a government which truly represents the majority of South Africans.

Strip away the diplomatic jargon and that statement is pure dynamite. Its author? U.S. Ambassador Edward J. Perkins, writing in the influential South African bimonthly *Leadership*, whose latest issue appeared last week. The U.S. State Department insisted that it was entirely consistent with previously stated U.S. policy condemning the South African practice of racial apartheid. As departmental officials noted, Secretary of State George Shultz in a September speech called for a "universal franchise for all adult South Africans," which by implication assumes eventual black rule. But Perkins' article was nonetheless viewed by some observers as a breakthrough, if only in his reference to the word majority, a term usually shunned in deference to white fears of one day being overwhelmed by blacks. Said the Rev. Allan Boesak, a leading opponent of apartheid: "No one in his position has said that for years." On the other hand, Pretoria declared its "grave dissatisfaction" with the Perkins piece.

Deliberately provocative or not, the

Leadership article was the latest step in a closely watched diplomatic performance. As a black representing a conservative Republican Administration in white-ruled South Africa, Perkins received a generally negative reception when he landed in Pretoria late last year after spending eight years dealing with black African affairs for the State Department. His appointment was regarded by many whites as a symbolic snub and by blacks as insulting tokenism. Perkins has responded by cultivating a low profile, then discarding it at strategic intervals to issue carefully chosen shots.



Low profile: Perkins alights in the capital

Perkins, 58, routinely declines press interviews, and has not discussed the article. But in his occasional speeches to civic and business groups, he loyally follows the Administration's policy of discouraging U.S. firms from closing down or selling off their South African operations to protest apartheid. In a speech while on home leave last spring, however, he said the economic sanctions passed by Congress in 1986, in making "a statement of abhorrence by the American people of a hated system," had been a success.

That assertion served to break the ice with several black leaders, including Boesak. But the diplomat has also established a wide network of contacts among ordinary blacks during unpunctuated visits to squatter camps and churches throughout the country. "After a while we were struck by his obvious concern for South Africa's blacks," says Dr. Nthato Motlana, chairman of the Civic Association in the black township of Soweto. "And we realized that he had lived through the kind of trauma that we're going through."

Perkins' one act of overt protest against Pretoria has been to attend a Cape Town church service convened to denounce a ban on appeals for the release of detainees, many of them children, held without charge for security reasons. Invited with other envoys by the foreign ministry to a stern lecture on the need for law-and-order, the ambassador, as usual, had no comment. As with his silence on last week's article about South Africa's future, he had already made his statement. —By William R. Doerner. Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg

World Notes



FRANCE: the left's new clothes?



CANADA: no more tariffs



GREECE: chewing up the scenery

FRANCE

Naked Came The Socialist

When a series of nude billboards began appearing last week, Parisians reacted with confusion rather than shock. Was the naked runner with a rose in his hand advertising a floral delivery service? Were the children, all in the buff, promoting a softer bathroom tissue? And the pregnant woman pressing a rose to her bare breast—a new perfume?

The nude models supposedly personify the national virtues of liberty, equality and fraternity, and they figure in a complicated advertising campaign for the Socialist Party as it prepares for next year's presidential race against the Conservatives. But the billboards have merely left most passersby befuddled. Gloated Patrick Devdjan, national secretary of Conservative Premier Jacques Chirac's party: "In the provinces that sort of thing leaves them cold."

CANADA

Swapping Cod For Cars

Though they were overshadowed by the summeiteers in Washington, U.S. and Canadian negotiators reached a historic agreement of their own last week. In Ottawa, the two

sides put the final touches on a 250-page free-trade treaty that by 1999 will lift all tariffs between the world's two largest trading partners (total 1986 volume: \$124 billion). The pact could mean lower prices for everything from American cars to Canadian cod.

After the U.S. and Canada sign it by Jan. 2, the treaty will almost certainly be approved by Congress. Despite opposition in Ottawa, the Progressive Conservative Party majority in Canada's House of Commons virtually guarantees that the treaty will take effect.

GREECE

Beware the Gobbling Goats

The forests of Greece are vanishing, victimized by woodcutters and urban development, fire and torrential downpours. Now concern is growing that goats may be an even greater challenge to Greece's shrinking woodlands.

Nearly 5 million goats trample the Greek countryside, munching on leaves and nibbling at seedlings. While countries such as Bulgaria and Yugoslavia have banned goat raising to protect their forests, Greeks apparently prize the animals much too highly to contemplate life without them. Says Niki Goulandrakis, a museum curator in Athens who has mounted an exhibit about the damage done by the gluttonous grazers:

"Greeks must eat their goats before the goats eat their forests." To that, most Greeks would respond with a vigorous "Baa."

MIDDLE EAST

"It's Not Just Terrorists"

The troubles began when an Israeli man was stabbed to death by terrorists in downtown Gaza. After an Israeli truck then crashed into two carloads of Arab workers, killing four, refugees near the Jabaliya district hurled bottles and stones at military patrols, burned tires and closed down schools and shops. During the two days of rioting, soldiers killed two Arab youths.

Later in the week, Gaza's frustration ignited passions about 50 miles away in the West Bank town of Nablus. An angry crowd of nearly 3,000 in the Balata refugee camp threw stones at Israeli border police. A barrage of rubber bullets failed to stop the mob, composed largely of women and youths. The Israelis, who claimed many of the women were wielding knives or sticks, turned to tear gas and real bullets. Four protesters were killed and at least 30 wounded. Demonstrators battled troops for more than five hours. As fiery Arab protests raged through the territories, the Israelis were afraid that the violence was sparked not simply by a few rabble-rousers but by

a widespread despair that will not soon fade away. Said a border police patrol leader: "It's not just terrorists. They've got no leader here."

SWEDEN

Can Cohabiting Ruin Marriage?

Caution: premarital cohabitation may be hazardous to your marriage. At least, that's what seemed to be the conclusion of a study of 4,996 Swedish women ages 20 to 44, conducted for the National Bureau of Economic Research, a Cambridge, Mass., think tank. The report found that couples who had lived together and then wedded were 80% as likely to separate or divorce as those who had lived apart.

What may skew the poll's results is the fact that two-thirds of all Swedish couples have lived together before marriage; among the young, the level is almost 90%. (Although there are no reliable figures, the U.S. percentage is believed to be considerably lower.) Thus Swedes who do not share the same roof before tying the knot are more conservative than the rest of the society and may be more dedicated to preserving even a shaky marriage. Says Swedish Demographer Erland Hofsten: "It would be dangerous to use a study like this in an ongoing debate in the U.S. about young American couples."

Economy & Business

Confusion—but Hope

In a TIME poll, economists say the U.S. will muddle along with no recession

Uncertainty. Volatility. Confusion. Those have become the watchwords of the postcrash economy.

For weeks some prognosticators have warned that the stock collapse of Black Monday presaged a recession. Others have argued just as vehemently that the crash was primarily a Wall Street event that will have little impact on the economy. No wonder consumers have been cautious and bewildered and the financial markets have swung wildly between hope and despair.

Last week's upheavals only made the economic outlook fuzzier. One of the strongest stock rallies since the crash suddenly fizzled when the Government announced that the U.S. trade deficit had hit a record \$17.6 billion in October, up 25% from September. The news threw the world's currency traders into a frenzy, and the dollar plummeted to its lowest levels against the Japanese yen and the West German mark since the 1940s. The turmoil could not help pushing urgent questions into the minds of every reader of the financial pages: What is going on with the U.S. economy, and

what is going to happen in the new year?

To gather the most informed opinion possible on the outlook, TIME last week conducted its own survey of 17 leading forecasters. They were chosen for their reputations and the accuracy of their past predictions. The economists represent academia, the financial community and business, and include several experts from Europe and Japan.

Their views on the U.S. economy for 1988 were far from uniform, but the majority opinion was firm and a bit surprising. Despite the stock crash, the plunging dollar and the scary new trade figures, most of the economists insist that America will muddle along next year with no recession, no significant rise in unemployment or inflation and only a modest increase in interest rates. Their median forecast is for growth in the gross national product, after adjustment for inflation, to slow only slightly, from 3.4% this year to 2.7% in 1988. Asserts Sam Nakagama of the Manhattan-based consulting firm Nakagama & Wallace: "Views are changing radically right now. It appears we are going to have a vigorous economy next year." Agrees Edward Yardeni, chief economist of Prudential-

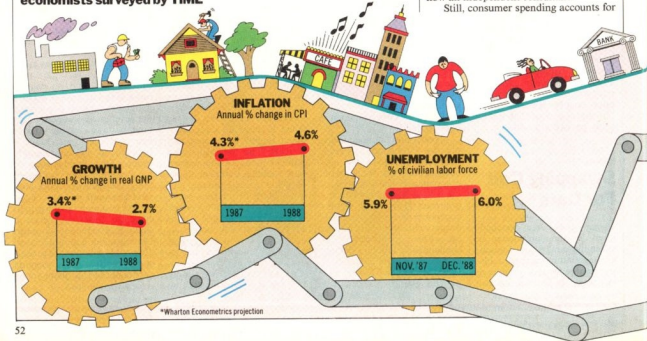
Bache Securities: "Much to everyone's surprise, the economy didn't even flinch from the crash. Clearly, I do not see a recession coming."

The economists acknowledged that consumers have become more subdued since the crash; the Commerce Department reported last week that retail sales in November were up a meager .2% from the previous month. But the forecasters felt confident that other sources of growth besides consumer spending would power the economy in 1988. In particular, the experts were convinced that the falling dollar, by making American products cheaper, will fuel a continuing surge in U.S. exports.

Moreover, Americans will turn increasingly to homemade goods rather than imports. "A larger share of total domestic demand will be satisfied by domestic production," says Saul Hymans, professor of economics at the University of Michigan. To meet the increased demand, U.S. companies will have to boost capacity, and that will give a forceful stimulus to capital goods industries. "Exports and capital spending are two very powerful forces," says Charles Reeder, a former chief economist for Du Pont and now an independent consultant.

Still, consumer spending accounts for

Median forecasts of 17 economists surveyed by TIME



about two-thirds of the economy. If retail sales slow down much more sharply than expected, that would overwhelm the benefits of increased exports and capital outlays. For that reason, the economists admitted that there is a significant chance of a recession in 1988—perhaps 20%. Some experts doubt the economy could withstand another body blow from Wall Street. Says Economist Gerald Holtham of Credit Suisse First Boston in London: "The only thing that could push the U.S. into a recession is another panic sell-off on the stock market that hits consumer confidence."

Two dissenters in TIME's poll believe a downturn is already on the way. Irwin Kellner, chief economist for Manufacturers Hanover Trust, forecasts that GNP will contract by 1.5% next year. "Consumer spending is weak and likely to weaken further," he says. "Wages have just not kept up with inflation." Joesen Takahashi, of the Mitsubishi Research Institute in Tokyo, predicts a .5% decline for the U.S. economy in 1988: "The stock market will take another plunge next year, as will the dollar." The outlook, he warns, is "very bad."

Last week's trade report would seem to support Takahashi's pessimism. Although exports climbed 3.6% in October, to \$21.7 billion, imports jumped 12%, to \$39.4 billion. Admitted a top economist in the Reagan Administration: "This wasn't something you want to try to put a happy face on."

Certainly Wall Street was not happy. After soaring 136 points during the first three days of the week, the Dow Jones industrial average fell 47 points on Thursday, when the trade figures were released, then recovered a bit on Friday to close at

1867.04, up 100.30 for the week. Economists were encouraged that the record deficit did not send the stock market into a free fall; they remembered well that a less bleak trade report and a drop in the dollar helped trigger the Black Monday crash. The reason for the milder market reaction this time was that investors were no longer afraid that the Administration and the Federal Reserve will try to defend the dollar with higher interest rates.

Experts have been surprised for months now that the long fall of the dollar, which has declined by 40% against the major currencies since early 1985, has not produced a turnaround in the trade balance. According to economic theory, a cheaper dollar makes U.S. products less expensive to foreigners and thus eventually boosts demand for American exports. Conversely, a weak dollar makes foreign goods more costly in the U.S. and dampens Americans' enthusiasm for imports. That, in fact, is what has happened: this year exports have increased, and the growth of imports has slowed sharply. The problem is that with the dollar continuing to drop precipitously, the cost of the imports is going up much faster than their volume, and the trade deficit is going through the roof.

Only if the dollar's descent slows down will the U.S. at last enjoy an improvement in the trade deficit. Most of the

economists surveyed said the dollar would indeed become more stable. Their median forecast has the dollar drifting down only 2.3% next year against the yen and 1.8% against the mark. At the same time, they predicted, the trade deficit will fall nearly 15%, from a record \$175 billion this year to about \$150 billion in 1988.

To a large extent, the fate of the dollar—and the entire U.S. economy—is in the hands of Chairman Alan Greenspan and the other governors of the Federal

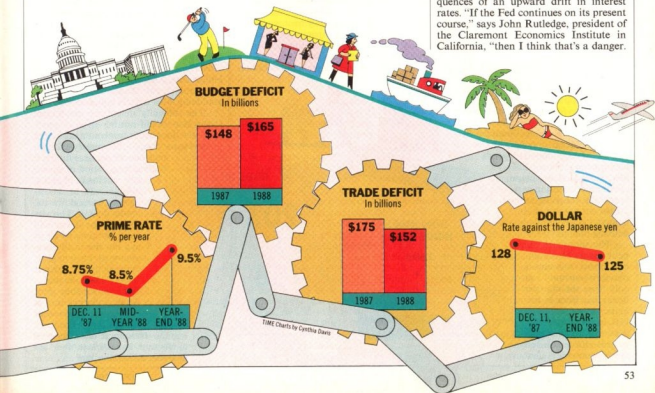
Reserve Board. As always, Greenspan faces some hard choices. If he raises interest rates to prop up the dollar, he risks stifling economic activity and triggering a recession. But if he allows the money supply to grow too quickly, and interest rates drop, the dollar could go into a further nose dive, and inflation would take off.

So Greenspan is moving very cautiously. In the immediate aftermath of the crash, he rushed to reassure the markets by pumping money into the economy.

But since then the Fed has returned to a more conservative monetary stance, and interest rates have started to creep up again. The economists foresee a long-term continuation of that trend, with the prime rate that banks charge for commercial loans hitting 9.5% at the end of 1988, compared with 8.75% now.

Some of the forecasters fear the consequences of an upward drift in interest rates. "If the Fed continues on its present course," says John Rutledge, president of the Claremont Economics Institute in California, "then I think that's a danger."

Consumers have been cautious and bewildered, and the financial markets have swung wildly between hope and despair.



Economy & Business

The Fed will have to print substantial money next year to keep the economy out of a recession." But in an election year, when the Administration would plainly prefer a loose monetary policy to pump up economic growth, Greenspan could be accused of playing politics at the expense of prudence. Declares Kellner of Manufacturers Hanover: "The financial markets won't let Greenspan grease the skids for the politicians in 1988. Only if a recession began might the Fed be able to do something. But then that would be already after the fact."

Howard Wachtel, professor of economics at American University, is worried that if the trade deficit does not show some signs of improvement soon, the dollar might tumble further. That could force the Federal Reserve to raise interest rates to stabilize the U.S. currency, whatever the toll on economic growth. Admits a top Administration official: "There has never been a trade deficit of this magnitude that has not been corrected by a recession."

Many of the economists are optimistic, however, that the trade gap can be substantially reduced without an economic downturn. They expect increased growth abroad to boost demand for U.S. exports. One especially encouraging sign: Japan's economy grew at an annual rate of 8.4% in the quarter ending in September, thanks in part to a \$38 billion government program to stimulate the economy that passed the parliament last spring. Roger Brinner, chief economist of the forecasting firm Data Resources, predicts that even West Germany will spur its economy and increase imports from the U.S. Says he: "The stimulus in Europe will not be because they are being kind to us. It's entirely because they see that their own economies are in very dire need of support. Otherwise they end up having a genuine recession."

Forecasters agree that U.S. exports will be the main engine for whatever growth is achieved in 1988. "The export industries appear to be out of the woods," says Thomas Swanson, chief economist for Sears. David Hale, the chief economist for Kemper Financial Services in Chicago, predicts that exports of manufactured goods could jump 15% to 20% next year, at the expense of America's trading partners. "We are going to increase our market share," he says, "largely by cannibalizing the foreigners'."

The increased competitiveness of American firms in overseas markets comes not only from the cheaper dollar but from a dramatic streamlining of U.S. industry over the past five years. Companies have closed down outdated fac-

ories, and are squeezing more output from those that survive. As a result, America's manufacturing productivity has risen faster than West Germany's and nearly matched Japan's increase during the past two years.

That boost in productivity will help U.S. companies to curb costs and keep prices under control. "We're going to have productivity-led growth," says Yardeni of Prudential-Bache. "And that doesn't necessarily push inflation rates higher." Among the economists polled, the median forecast for next year's increase in the Consumer Price Index was 4.6%, virtually the same as the 4.3% rise currently projected for 1987.

A minority of the economists, though, were concerned about the outlook for inflation. Kemper's Hale is worried that in its rush to downsize, corporate America may have set the stage for capacity shortages that could create bottlenecks and drive up prices. Says he: "We have now had five years of underinvestment in manufacturing. The new lean and mean strategy may simply represent a form of corporate anorexia."

Another threat is a shortage of labor, which could push wages higher. In October the unemployment rate fell to 5.9%, the lowest level this decade. Notes Kathryn Eickhoff, former staff economist of the Office of Management and Budget and now a private consultant: "We are approaching a full-employment economy for both labor and capacity in industry. This is the type of combination that usually leads to price increases."

Finally, the declining dollar could re-

kindle inflation, even as it revitalizes U.S. companies. As the cost of imports rises, domestic manufacturers could see that as an opportunity to boost their prices as well. For that reason, the inflation fighters at the Federal Reserve may try to prevent the dollar from falling too fast.

One of the essential steps toward keeping inflation in check—and correcting the trade imbalance—is a substantial reduction in the federal budget deficit. Years of excessive Government spending have put upward pressure on prices and

helped overstimulate demand for imports. Many of the economists in the survey saw the recent budget compromise fashioned by Congress and the White House, which is intended to trim \$30 billion from the deficit next year, as woefully inadequate. "The 1987 budget had a lot of phony stuff in it that will come back to haunt us in 1988," warns Jerry Jordan, chief economist at First Interstate Bancorp

in Los Angeles. "This will produce a rising trend in the budget deficits."

Most of the forecasters predicted that the budget gap will grow from \$148 billion in fiscal 1987 to somewhere between \$160 billion and \$175 billion next year. With an election year coming up, the chances for major spending cuts or tax increases are slim. Says Swiss Economist Christoph Koellreuter, who heads the Forecasting Institute at the University of Basel: "For political reasons, the U.S. is unlikely to do what it should do."

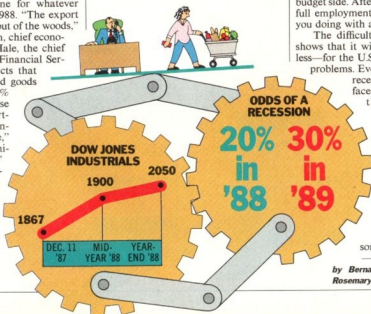
Delay, though, could be costly. Warns Nakagawa: "You might have another stock-market crash next spring if the Government doesn't do enough on the budget side. After all, if you are running at full employment, then what the hell are you doing with a \$150 billion deficit?"

The difficulty in cutting the budget shows that it will not be easy—or painless—for the U.S. to resolve its economic problems. Even if the country avoids a recession in the near future, it faces a long period of slower

than normal growth, which will be necessary to bring down the trade deficit. The decline in the dollar will help, but only by curbing the rise in the U.S. standard of living. If Americans cannot lower their expectations now, they face faster inflation and a truly nasty recession somewhere down the road.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs. Reported by Bernard Baumohl/New York and Rosemary Byrnes/New York

In an election year, Greenspan could be accused of playing politics at the expense of prudence.





The once powerful speculator heads for a class at the Jewish Theological Seminary

Back in the Spotlight

As Boesky faces sentencing, the insider-trading probe rolls on

What ever happened to the insider-trading scandal? Black Monday, that's what. Since Oct. 19, crash has replaced crime as the top story on Wall Street. Some traders have even hoped that the markets' continued fragility might persuade the Government to delay further insider-trading probes lest new revelations drive stock prices even lower. No such luck. U.S. District Attorney Rudolph Giuliani maintains that even though the spotlight has shifted elsewhere, the investigations are proceeding at full speed. Says the Manhattan-based prosecutor, who has led the crackdown on Wall Street crooks: "Whatever the state of the market, our job is to uphold the laws of the U.S.—not to protect profits."

The spotlight will be back on the scandal once again this week, when the biggest insider trader snared so far, Ivan Boesky, is scheduled to appear in U.S. District Judge Morris Lasker's Manhattan courtroom for sentencing. Boesky, who has been pointing investigators toward investment bankers and others with whom he traded inside information, faced Judge Lasker last week in a final hearing before sentencing. Once Wall Street's most aggressive speculator in takeover stocks, Boesky was a picture of contrition in court. "I am deeply ashamed," he said. "I have spent the last year trying to understand how I veered off course." Boesky's lawyer pointed out that the defendant has been pursuing rabbinical studies at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, near Columbia University, and working under an assumed name at a project to aid the homeless run by Manhattan's Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine. Lasker praised Boesky for his "remarkable cooperation" with authorities but indicated that a jail term of

more than six months was unavoidable because his crimes have aroused the "passions of public opinion."

Much of the public indignation was stirred by allegations that Boesky has emerged from the affair with a large part of his huge fortune intact, even after paying \$100 million as a result of the charges against him. Though his attorneys claim that he is close to bankruptcy, a lawyer who knows him well says, "I would swap assets with Boesky any time." George Reycraft, who represents Boesky's former partners in a civil damage suit, claims that the speculator took \$400 million out of his firm. "We just do not have a fix on his assets," says Lawyer Robert Gargill, who helped supervise the winding down of Boesky's brokerage business.

For sure, Boesky is a long way from the plight of the homeless men he has been helping. He still lives in a luxury apartment a few blocks from his company's headquarters on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. In the firm's elegant suite of offices, his personal secretary continues to answer the telephone, while a guard hovers near a reception area decorated in gold colors and Far Eastern art. "Boesky now uses the office as a private club to meet with his lawyers," says a source familiar with the investor's activities. A large renovated farmhouse on Boesky's 200-acre estate in Westchester County, N.Y., is up for sale for \$3 million, but his wife Seema still lives in the main house across the road. As heir to a large real estate fortune, she received more than \$70 million from the sale of the Beverly Hills Hotel a year ago. Close associates have

denied persistent rumors that the couple is estranged.

Boesky's cooperation will probably help investigators nail other insider traders. So will last month's Supreme Court decision that upheld the conviction of R. Foster Winans, a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter who leaked advance information about his stories to brokers. The court ruled that improper use of inside information amounted to theft of property and that defendants could be tried under the Government's sweeping antifraud laws. The decision, says Giuliani, has "made it easier for prosecutors to bring fraud cases without fear that they will be reversed." Edward Brodsky, a Manhattan-based securities attorney, agrees: "The court gave the prosecution an absolute sledgehammer for inside-information cases."

Wall Street lawyers expect at least twelve more insider traders to be indicted, but the charges may not be filed soon. Explains Giuliani: "Sophisticated white-collar crimes traditionally take a long time, usually two to three years, to investigate." He dropped charges in May against three investment bankers arrested in February for insider trading: Robert Freeman, who worked at Goldman, Sachs, and Richard Wigton and Timothy Tabor, both formerly of Kidder, Peabody. But when he did so, he noted that he had discovered a much broader conspiracy and needed time to investigate it. He made it clear that Freeman, Wigton and Tabor were part of the widening probe.

Still at the center of the investigation, by all accounts, are Drexel Burnham Lambert and Michael Milken, head of the investment firm's junk-bond operation. Since junk bonds, which are high-yield, high-risk securities, are often used to finance takeovers, Milken and other Drexel Burnham employees have had advance knowledge of many big deals and could have passed information to speculators like Boesky. Drexel Burnham admits that in 1986 it received a \$5.3 million payment from Boesky for



Prosecutor Giuliani

"advisory services." After news of the payment broke, the firm's chief executive, Frederick Joseph, steadfastly maintained that internal company investigations had found "absolutely no wrongdoing." Recently, however, Joseph has stopped saying that.

The adverse publicity has been rough on Drexel Burnham. For a while after the investigation started, some other investment banks suspended trading with the company, and commercial banks cut back lines of credit. But Joseph insists that business is now as good as ever. Says he: "The investigation made life more difficult for us, but we are stronger for it today." Joseph cannot speak with any assurance, though, until the outcome of Giuliani's probing is known—one way or the other. —By Frederick Uehneuer/*New York*

For me and my family, Christmas is a Jewish Holiday!

It's the birthday of the greatest Jew in the whole world.

Y'shua (that's how we say Jesus) was born in a Jewish town - Bethlehem to a Jewish mom - Miriam for a Jewish reason - to save the world

Christmas is more than mistletoe, trees and presents. It's our time to celebrate Y'shua who is the reason for the season.

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Business Notes



AIRLINES: cheaper fares are taking off in Europe



ACCIDENTS: Roberts won her case



ENTERTAINMENT: Korean sequels for Pinocchio?

LITIGATION

A Treaty For Texaco?

The biggest corporate brawl in history could be nearing an end. Thanks in part to the negotiating skills of TWA Chairman Carl Icahn, a settlement may be at hand in the epic legal battle between Texaco and Pennzoil. Since 1985 Texaco has been appealing a court order to pay Pennzoil \$10.5 billion in damages as a result of a merger dispute. In April, Texaco filed for bankruptcy protection. Enter Icahn, who three weeks ago became Texaco's largest stockholder by boosting TWA's holdings to 12.3%. Icahn helped forge a deal between Pennzoil and a committee representing Texaco's shareholders to settle the conflict for \$3 billion. Texaco's management blasted the plan, but may have to go along if its shareholders approve. Icahn stands to reap rich profits, since Texaco's stock could surge once the firm emerges from bankruptcy.

AIRLINES

Europe's Skies Get Friendlier

While dogfights roil America's deregulated airline industry, air service within the European Community operates with the gentlemanly politeness of

a private club. Prices, schedules and routes are coordinated among the twelve member nations, and many fares are kept artificially high. That is about to change. Last week the Community adopted measures that will help loosen public controls over European airlines. The accords permit the carriers to increase flight frequency and discount standard fares by as much as 65% without seeking the approval of any governments.

ACCIDENTS

A Costly Pop In the Eye

One day in 1985 Mae Roberts of Holladay, Utah, was having trouble opening a plastic two-liter bottle of Diet 7-Up. So she took a wrench to it, as she had many times in the past, but the results were disastrous. The top shot off like a champagne cork and struck her in the left eye, destroying most of the iris.

Last week a Salt Lake City jury ordered the Seven-Up Co. and a local bottler to pay \$10.5 million in damages to Roberts, 82, who is legally blind in her injured eye. A lawyer for Seven-Up said the company would appeal because Roberts used the wrench to twist the cap in the wrong direction.

Roberts' attorney, Colin King, told the jury that hundreds of lawsuits have been

filed in the past 15 years over eye injuries resulting from exploding soft-drink caps. Some beverage companies, such as Canada Dry and Schweppes, put labels on their products to tell consumers that they should open the bottles carefully. But, complains King, "many companies still aren't warning people to point the things away from your face when you open them."

ENTERTAINMENT

America Loses Its Animation

The Christmas season is a traditional time for parents to take their children to the movie theater for a little animated fun. This year Walt Disney has reissued its classic *Cinderella*, and Filmmation is coming out with a sequel to Carlo Collodi's classic tale called *Pinocchio and the Emperor of the Night*. Both represent an increasingly rare breed: animated movies made in the U.S.

Almost unnoticed, much of America's animation business has moved offshore, primarily to Japan and South Korea, in search of lower costs. Since 1980, the number of unionized U.S. animation workers has fallen from 1,650 to 1,250, and Lou Scheimer, president of Filmmation, contends that his *Pinocchio* could be the last all-American-made animated movie. Filmmation may soon join the ranks of ani-

mation companies that produce most of their TV cartoons overseas.

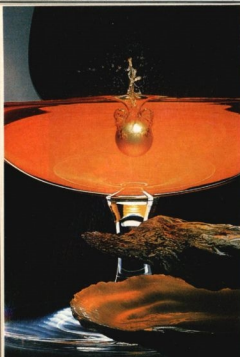
Walt Disney executives insist they will continue to make animated movies in the U.S., but not all their TV shows. Disney's new *Duck Tales* series is animated in Japan.

SECURITIES

One False Step and . . .

The over-the-counter stock market has not had many good days lately. So when prices were going up last Wednesday, the last thing traders needed was an unexpected 82-minute shutdown of the computerized NASDAQ system that provides quotations on over-the-counter stocks. The mysterious malfunction helped reduce that day's trading volume to 82.5 million shares, just over half the average activity.

If any traders smelled a rat, they were not far wrong. The problem was traced to a squirrel that is thought to have scampered onto a power line in Connecticut while carrying a piece of aluminum foil. That caused a power failure that cut off electricity to more than 2,000 area homes and businesses—and knocked out NASDAQ computers in Trumbull, Conn. Traders may have lost a chance to make money, but at least their problem was only temporary. The squirrel was electrocuted.



RUM & OYSTERS

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Law

Reach Out and Touch Someone

Dial-a-porn has parents calling "Foul"

"Hi," says the recorded female voice on the telephone. "Come and join us nasty sluts in 6,900 kinky taboos." This is dial-a-porn, sex over the phone wires, now as available in many states as the correct time. For a cost that can range from 20¢ to several dollars, callers can listen to recorded fantasies, some of them merely purple, some filled with the darker colors of sadomasochism, rape and bestiality. Since they first appeared in 1983, the dial-a-porn services have grown quickly. So has the frustration of parents who discover that their children have become clandestine callers, often running up sizable phone bills in the process.

That frustration is leading to angry action. One day last June in Hayward, Calif., Brian Thompson, 12, spent more than two hours listening to dial-a-porn recitals. Two weeks later he sexually assaulted a four-year-old girl. The parents of both children joined in suing the Pacific Bell telephone company for \$10 million, charging that dial-a-porn was responsible. "The phone company and the pornographers took away from us our rights as parents to train our child in what is right and wrong," says Brian's father Ronald Thompson. "You can't police your kids 24 hours a day." Last week a judge declined to shut down the services pending a trial, but the state public-utilities commission ordered the phone company to block such calls from individual phones upon the customer's request. Two weeks ago an official at Georgia's public-service commission issued a similar ruling.

Another assault on phone porn came last week from the Federal Communications Commission. In its first such action, the FCC began moving against two California companies it believes are violating its regulations limiting the access of minors to dial-a-porn messages. Those rules, which many porn services ignore, seek to make it necessary for callers to use a credit card or a special access code. The targeted California companies could eventually face fines of up to \$50,000 a day and criminal prosecution. Critics charge that antiregulatory zeal has hitherto led the FCC to take a laissez-faire approach to phone porn. "This signifies that the commission will enforce the rules it has adopted," says FCC General Counsel Diane Kilory. This month the Senate adopted a provision that would ban the services. It now goes to the House of Representatives.

Phone companies contend that state regulations prevent them from censoring messages carried over their wires, and many courts have agreed, striking down various efforts to restrict the services. But

there have been two rulings that give hope to the antiporn forces. In Arizona and Florida cases, federal appeals courts drew a distinction: government action against dial-a-porn might violate the First Amendment, they said, but as a matter of private policy, phone companies could turn away purveyors of such services.

The X-rated phone business is hugely



Adult magazines advertise the services

But children are often the callers.

profitable, to both the porn merchant and the phone company. Overhead is low: with a single machine, porn peddlers can simultaneously handle thousands of calls. In 1985, federal investigators told Congress recently, New York City-based Carlin Communications was raking in about \$130,000 a month on 6 million to 7 million calls. And in the twelve months after June 1986, Pacific Bell made an estimated \$13.5 million in profits from dial-a-porn. Some prosecutors charge that the majority of customers are children, who pass the numbers along on their grapevine. The results have some psychologists worried about later sexual maladjustment. "Kids are listening to this stuff at a very vulnerable time of their lives," says Victor Cline, a University of Utah clinical psychologist who has studied 21 such children. Maybe the spate of recent actions will get them off the line.

—By Richard Lacayo, Reported by
Dennis Wyss/San Francisco

Technology

In Case You Tuned In Late

TV's flashy new features are just a preview of coming attractions

Seven Minskoff, 28, a Manhattan real estate executive and a card-carrying member of the TV generation, thought he had seen and heard it all, from *Moonlighting* on a 35-in. screen to MTV in surround-sound stereo. Then he saw a store demonstration of Panasonic's new "picture in picture" VCR system, which lets viewers watch two or more programs on the same TV screen. As a salesman tapped on a remote control, new stations began appearing, one at a time, until the screen was filled with nine equal-size panels, each showing a different channel. "My mouth dropped," says Minskoff. "It totally blew me away."

Minskoff is not alone. Anyone who has shopped for a TV or VCR this season knows that television is going through some dramatic changes. The immediate effect is a flood of models endowed with high-tech conveniences, enormous screens and dazzling special effects. Waiting in the wings is a new generation of TV sets that are ready, once economic and political hurdles have been surmounted, to deliver images comparable in quality to those of a wide-screen motion picture. Says William Glenn, director of video research at the New York Institute of Technology: "This is the most exciting period in television history since the invention of color TV."

At the heart of the new features are computer circuits that change standard analog TV signals, which are broadcast as a series of undulating waves, into digital impulses—strings of 0s and 1s. The digital signals can then be transformed by microprocessors—tiny computers on silicon chips—to achieve a variety of exotic effects. When the processing is complete, the signals are channeled back to analog for display on an ordinary TV picture tube.

When video signals take numerical form, all sorts of manipulations become possible. In addition to displaying multiple channels, the circuits can freeze frames or zoom in for close-ups. Digital VCRs can repeat sequences in slow motion or fast-forward without the distortion that mars conventional machines. Standard broadcast images can also be improved, up to a point. One video recorder made by NEC reduces interference by using microprocessors to compare successive image frames. By subtracting random elements that appear on one frame but not

the other, the circuitry removes snow before it shows up on the screen.

None of this comes without cost. VCRs with digital features sell for \$700 to \$1,400, up to \$1,000 more than conventional models. Digital TVs run from \$1,500 to \$3,000, in contrast to \$1,800 for a top-of-the-line nondigital set. Given



Feast for the eyes: Are four channels better than one?



A peek at the future, brought to you by a videodisk and HDTV

these prices, sales have been understandably sluggish. Digital VCRs will account for less than 3% of the 15 million videocassette recorders sold this year, and the high-tech TVs are not expected to fare much better. Observes David Lachenbruch, editorial director of *TV Digest*: "Consumers are not prepared to pay twice as much for one set with two pictures. They would rather buy two sets with one picture each." That could change quickly, of course, as the cost of the electronic components falls. "In the future," says Shinichi Makino, an executive at Toshiba, "digital will be mainstream."

On the horizon are more radical improvements in TV image quality that will

come from attacking the problem at its source: the broadcast signal. American television is transmitted as a succession of images, each containing 525 horizontal lines, that follow one another at 30 frames a second. Japan's public broadcasting system, NHK, has developed a new standard called high-definition television, which widens the screen and more than doubles the number of lines, to 1,125. The result is a picture of extraordinary clarity that compares favorably with 35-mm film.

The problem with HDTV is that its signal cannot be squeezed into the narrow space allocated each channel in the TV broadcast spectrum. For the U.S. to switch to the new system, every television station would have to replace its equipment, and the country's 140 million TV sets would have to be scrapped, an unlikely prospect at present.

Nonetheless, several U.S. production companies have bought Japanese-made HDTV equipment for shooting movies, commercials and music videos. Reason: videotape is easier and cheaper to edit than film. *Crack in the Mirror*, a new action movie starring Robby Benson, was shot entirely on HDTV videotape, and will be transferred to 35-mm film for theatrical release early next year. Rebo High-Definition Studio in New York City, which produced the feature, estimates that its costs were 30% lower than if it had shot and edited the movie on film.

Various schemes have been put forth to make HDTV more widely available. One proposal is for cable TV operators to provide the higher-quality images as an added service for their subscribers. Another is to distribute HDTV programming on high-capacity videodisks, much as videotapes are distributed today. A third approach involves splitting the HDTV signal into two parts and transmitting it over two separate broadcast channels. Old TV sets could utilize enough of the signal to provide a standard-quality picture, while an HDTV receiver could display the higher-resolution image.

As U.S. broadcasters ponder what to do, the Japanese are making HDTV available on an experimental basis. Next year they will begin special coverage of the Seoul Olympics, which can be viewed in Japan only on HDTV sets. In 1990 Japan will launch a communications satellite designed to carry HDTV signals, capable of transmitting them anywhere in the world. But experts predict that it could be five years or more before the slow-moving U.S. networks begin to offer HDTV broadcasts of their own. —By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.

Reported by Kumiko Makihara/Tokyo and Thomas McCarroll/New York

Religion

Death and the Archbishop

Tragedy follows a tough attack on England's top churchman

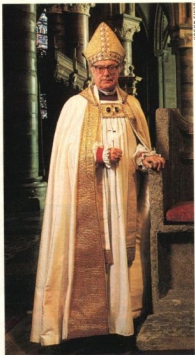
A tube led from the exhaust pipe to the front seat of the silver Toyota where an Oxford neighbor last week discovered the body of a distinguished English clergyman, Canon Gareth Bennett. The suicide of the university don and historian ordinarily might have been a sad but briefly noted counterpoint to the Christmas season. Instead, the tragedy was catapulted into prominence by the fact that only four days earlier Bennett had become embroiled in a stupendous furor in the Church of England. The uproar, it seems clear, drove him to his death.

The unlikely cause of all the consternation was the new edition of the venerable *Crockford's Clerical Directory*, a biennial reference book of statistics and short clergy biographies. But the reason the volume is avidly awaited is its authoritative essay on the state of the church. By tradition, the writer is anonymous, allowing him to cast aside habitual ecclesiastical politesse and speak with complete candor.

The latest author did just that, launching an unprecedented attack on the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert A.K. Runcie, since 1980 Primate of All England and spiritual leader of the world's 65 million-member Anglican Communion (including U.S. Episcopalians). The Archbishop, a decorated tank commander in World War II who earned the name "Killer Runcie," was characterized in *Crockford's* as a spineless churchman who evinces no "clear basis for his policies other than taking the line of least resistance on each issue."

For good measure, the essay branded Runcie an "elitist liberal" who uses his influence to pack the hierarchy and bureaucracy with cronies and woolly-minded leftists. Increasingly, charged *Crockford's*, the Church of England is run by theologically vague leaders who follow "what they think is the wish of the majority of the moment" and whose "moderately Catholic style... is not taken to the point of having firm principles." Meanwhile, declared the 16-page piece, few appointments go to biblical conservatives in the Evangelical faction or to liturgical and doctrinal traditionalists in the Anglo-Catholic wing, even though the two groups constitute a substantial portion of worshippers.

As banner headlines in the English press trumpeted the *Crockford's* affair, Runcie offered no response to the attack. Senior ecclesiastics instantly rushed to the primate's defense, observing that he had been anything but weak in criticizing



Runcie: A spineless and elitist liberal?

Margaret Thatcher's treatment of the poor. The essay was excoriated as an exercise of "anonymous, gutless malice" by one furious bishop. "Scurrilous," snapped the realm's No. 2 churchman, Archbishop of York John Habgood. York had his own reason to complain: he and Runcie were yoked in condemnation by *Crockford's*. In fact, the essay was seen as a bid to derail the liberal Habgood, 60, as a successor to Runcie, 66, who many expect will vacate the see of Canterbury after presiding over a meeting of the world's Anglican bishops next summer. The essay was viewed as a conservative vote of no confi-

dence to press Runcie into stepping down.

All these back-pew analyses depended in part upon who wrote the incendiary essay. Suspicions quickly narrowed to a handful of clerics with the requisite conservative opinions and insider's knowledge. Bennett fit perfectly. He was an ally of London's Bishop Graham Leonard, a champion of the Anglo-Catholics, and served on two powerful panels that set the General Synod agenda and nominated bishops. Bennett, who was known for his probity, vociferously denied he was the writer. But after his death the two lay officials who assigned the author admitted that they had selected Bennett.

The tragedy and accompanying speculation obscured much of the reason the essay had hit such a raw nerve. Traditionalists now constitute a surly minority among England's ranking churchmen, and their complaints are echoed by many within the dwindling ranks of Anglican churchgoers. The Church of England, as the *Times* observed in a lead editorial, is a "declining institution" that has become "uncertain about its public purpose and divided over its internal beliefs."

Robert Runcie's fate has been to preside over the church as it coped with a series of tempestuous issues. These have included the modernization of the *Book of Common Prayer*, women priests, remarriage after divorce, homosexuals in the clergy and the tendency of some bishops and theologians to scorn traditional beliefs. In each case, Runcie has tried to hold his church together as it lumbered toward liberalism.

If the intent of the leftward drift was to refill England's empty pews, the strategy has been an abysmal failure. When Runcie became primate, a paltry 2.7% of the population regularly attended Anglican services; slightly fewer do so today. Bennett's mistake was not in raising such unpleasant matters in public, with or without his name attached. It was in assuming that an Archbishop of Canterbury—or any other individual—could, merely by standing firm, reverse the powerful tide of change that has caused such anguishing problems for the Church of England.

—By Richard N. Ostling,
Reported by Roland Flamini/London

Catholics, AIDS And Condoms

In their first comprehensive statement on the AIDS crisis, the U.S. Roman Catholic bishops last week announced a considerable concession to the disease's grim reality. Despite the church's continued opposition to the use of condoms by married and unmarried persons alike, the bishops will now reluctantly accept

the publicizing of information on the devices in public-education campaigns and school classes. Some people simply "will not refrain from the type of sexual or drug-abuse behavior which can transmit AIDS," the bishops acknowledged. But, they stated, AIDS education must emphasize that to stem the disease, "abstinence outside of marriage and fidelity within marriage, as well as the avoidance of intravenous drug abuse, are the only morally correct and medically sure ways."



Bennett

Music

Dear Mr. Jesus

A child's song strikes a chord

Sharon Batts is an unlikely candidate for pop stardom. But at age nine the brown-eyed third-grader from the Fort Worth suburb of Bedford has successfully bypassed the music-industry moguls with a hit single about a subject few would pick for Top 40 playlists. "Dear Mr. Jesus,/ I just had to write to you," Sharon's tinny



Sharon Batts

voice sings plaintively. "Something really scared me/ when I saw it on the news./ A story about a little girl/ beaten black and blue." After imploring Jesus to come to the rescue of abused children, the song concludes, "Dear Mr. Jesus,/ please tell me what to do./ And please don't tell my daddy/ but my mommy hits me, too."

Recorded in September 1985 by the Bedford-based Gospel Workshop for Children, a nonprofit evangelical Christian "music ministry" organized by Sharon's mother Jan, *Dear Mr. Jesus* first aired in 1986 on a Port Arthur, Texas, radio station. Word of mouth and a 4½-minute music video starring Sharon and her doll Bessie slowly spread the song on stations in Florida and Texas, where it attracted a response from hundreds of overwrought callers eager to discuss their own experiences with child abuse.

Last month Scott Shannon, a deejay at New York City's top-rated WHTZ-FM, who obtained a copy of *Dear Mr. Jesus* from WRBQ-FM in Tampa, played it in honor of Lisa Steinberg, the six-year-old girl allegedly beaten to death while in the care of a Manhattan couple. Within 24 hours, *Dear Mr. Jesus* became WHTZ's most requested song; it still prompts 3,000 calls a day. Since then, stations across the country have discovered the same phenomenon. Last week New York-based Island Records was one of several companies seeking the rights to *Dear Mr. Jesus*. It hopes to have the single and a video available in time for the holidays.

Sharon's song is not the first hit about child abuse. Last summer Folk-Rock Singer Suzanne Vega reached the Top Ten with *Luka*, a more understated and artful approach to the topic. Nonetheless, the mournful plea of *Dear Mr. Jesus* clearly strikes a chord. "You can go on with child-abuse announcements and public service all you want," says Buddy Scott, program director for WBBM-FM in Chicago, "but this song causes an emotion in you that you really are not prepared for."

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Φ PARKER

People

He cavorted in his underwear on *Saturday Night Live* in a cheeky send-up of *Risky Business* set in the White House and poked fun at Uncle Sam by dressing as a Yankee Doodle dandy for the cover of *Vanity Fair* magazine. Now **Ron P. Reagan**, 29, has found the perfect subject to satirize: himself. Next month on Cinemax, the *Good Morning, America* correspondent will star in his first comedy special, *Ron Reagan Is the President's Son*. Reagan plays two characters: Ron, "a wimpy morning TV correspondent," and Skippy Derek Jr., "an escaped convict who looks just like Ron." Ron dresses up like Skippy, Skippy kidnaps Ron, and the plot gets more complicated than the *SALT II* talks. "The risk we're taking with this," says young Reagan, "is the fact that Ron Reagan really is the President's son, and some people may be both-



Risky business: Reagan shakes a leg with the Secret Service for his comedy special

...cording an album of jazz tunes in New York City, and while the mood in the studio is predictably light, the music is heavy, man, heavy. "I'm a giant fan of jazz," explains Cos, whose earlier attempts at music have failed to scale the charts. The as yet untitled album will feature him playing congas, maracas and cross blocks on such Cosby originals as *Where You Lay Your Head* and—no laughing, please—*Why I Cannot Ever Find Anything in My Closet*. Says Cosby: "What we're trying to do here is get the music so tight, to where it's at the point where people say, 'Yeah, they're serious, aren't they?'" And as any student of Cosby knows, that is no joke.

...also welcomed the chance to mingle with one another. Noted Crooner Davis: "By the time you get through with the State Department dinner on Saturday night and the brunch on Sunday morning, you're calling each other by first names." The other Davis was more interested in last names, however. "When Sammy Davis and I met at the Kennedy Center, I asked him if he thought our mother had strayed," she wryly recalled. Bette also had a confession to make. "Every year when I wasn't picked, I have been truthfully disappointed," she said. "And one year they sent me the brochure where

you're supposed to suggest who should be honored. I have to say—very guiltily—that I wrote on the paper: me."

Historians may remember 1987 as the year of the stock-market crash or the super-power summit. But for the editors of *Esquire* magazine's Dubious Achievement Awards, it will always be known as the Year of the Bimbo. To commemorate what it decries as "absolutely, positively the worst year on record," *Esquire* has included in its January issue a two-page poster of Actress **Beverly D'Angelo** (*National Lampoon's Vacation*) camping it up

as a sort of one-woman bimbo Hall of Fame, namely as **Jessica Hahn**, **Fawn Hall**, **Tammy Faye Bakker** and **Donna Rice**. The photos were done during "three yuk-filled days," reports D'Angelo. "In a way, I'm commiserating with these women," she explains. "It's my way of reaching out and saying, 'Yes, it's tough, but you may as well have some fun along the way.'" Sure, but isn't that what got them into trouble in the first place?

—By **Guy D. Garcia**/Reported by **David E. Thigpen**/New York



Cosby: a serious note

ered about making comedy about that." Hmm. Any chance that those folks live in Washington?

His comic timing has always been impeccable, but who would have guessed that **Bill Cosby** can also keep a steady beat? The acclaimed comedian, TV star and best-selling author is currently re-

The weekend-long whirlwind of glittering galas in Washington last week included tributes from **President Reagan** and Secretary of State **George Shultz**. But the five recipients of the tenth annual Kennedy Center Honors for lifetime achievement in the performing arts—Actress **Bette Davis**, 79, Singers **Sammy Davis Jr.**, 62, and **Perry Como**, 75, Violinist **Nathan Milstein**, 82, and Choreographer **Alvin Nikolais**, 75—



Bimbo bonanza: D'Angelo as Hahn, Bakker and, inset, herself

Books

A Shelf of Holiday Treats and Treasures

Fifteen richly illustrated volumes celebrate art, faith, nature and entertainment

MORE THAN \$75

Intense, erotic, opulently colorful, the flower paintings of Georgia O'Keeffe provide a heady mixture of sheer sensory shock and austere formalism, of extreme close-up scale and bold monumentality. In this 100th anniversary year of the artist's birth, a selection has been beautifully reproduced in **Georgia O'Keeffe: One Hundred Flowers** (Knopf; \$100). Their richness and vibrancy seem to leave nothing to say, and Editor Nicholas Callaway, except in a brief afterword, presents the plates without comment. The effect is magnificently simple, and simply magnificent.

The Old Testament injunction against graven images did not apply to the work of Jewish artisans of the Middle Ages. Fortunately so, as illustrated in **The Hebrew Bible in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts**, by Gabrielle Sed-Rajna (Rizzoli; 173 pages; \$85). Sed-Rajna, director of the Hebraic department of the Institut de Recherche et d'Histoire des Textes in Paris, has included painted manuscripts from the 13th through the 15th centuries. Biblical characters depicted in medieval dress recall the stories of Genesis, Abraham and Jacob, David and Goliath, Daniel in the lions' den and *The Song of Solomon*. The undeniable vigor of the art leads Sed-Rajna to conclude that these little-known iconographers influenced later illustrators more than has generally been believed.

Artists are known for what they push away as well as for what they embrace. So it was with Paul Gauguin, who for a century has fired the escapist imagination with his rejection of conventional life and academic painting for *la vie Tahitienne* and a bold new art. **Paul Gauguin: Life and Work**, by Michel Hoog (Rizzoli; 332 pages; \$85), presents the Gauguin legend on a grand scale, from the artist's exotic Peruvian boyhood to his South Seas idyll. Hoog, chief curator at Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris, integrates the painter's biography with a broad representation of

his work. The result forcefully demonstrates how a large and restless talent broke the bonds of Europe and found room to flourish halfway around the world.

From Chairman Mao's Little Red Book of revolutionary maxims to **Later Chinese Painting and Calligraphy: 1800-1950**, by Robert H. Ellsworth (*Random House*; 1,049 pages; \$850), is a great leap forward in our perception of this surprisingly complex and adaptable culture. Twelve years in preparation, the three-volume set contains illustrations of more than 800 pieces of art, 369 pages of color reproductions of paintings, scrolls, fans and album leaves, and hundreds of pages of calligraphy, an art form in itself. This is the largest compilation of 19th and 20th century Chinese art in the West, and the perfect gift for the mandarin who has everything.

\$50-\$75

He designed his first dress when he was a little old man of five, and his mother wore it to a St. Petersburg ball. Mata Hari was a client, as were the *Ziegfeld Follies*, MGM, various opera companies and magazines as disparate as *Harper's Bazaar* and *Playboy*.

Now a little old man of 95, Erté still astonishes, as is vividly demonstrated by the delicious retrospective **Erté at Ninety-Five: The Complete New Graphics** (Dutton; 192 pages; \$75). His work is generally labeled art deco, but his wit, imagination and irrepressible flamboyance suggest a more fitting appellation: art Erté.

The folks in the Kentucky hollers, the Midwestern river valleys and Amish Pennsylvania probably did not think of quilting as an art but rather as a skill and source of pride. They certainly did not think dealers and collectors would someday gather at auction to pay tens of thousands of dollars for Grandma's handiwork. **America's Glorious Quilts**, edited by Dennis Duke and Deborah Harding (*Macmillan*; 320 pages; \$75), assembles photographs of some of the finest examples of this varied craft. Country and patriotic



From *The Theatre Art* of Boris Aronson: the



Harlem: William H. Johnson's Café, 1939-40



A scene of King David, the cover of *Hebrew*



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ARTIST

designer's painting of his set for *The Rose Tattoo*, 1951



Hanging paper scroll, 1917, from *Chinese*



STYLING BY

Cocktail snacks from Japan



ARTIST'S MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, NEW YORK, NY

O'Keeffe: a yellow calla, 1927



From *Radios*: a 1947 Belmont



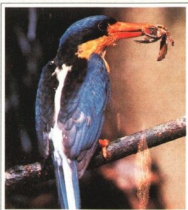
DESIGNER'S MUSEUM

From *Erté: Glamour*, a 1985 serigraph



THE LIVING MUSEUM

A contemporary design from *Quilts*



ARTIST'S MUSEUM

Buff-breasted kingfisher from *Audubon*

themes dominate the 19th century pieces, although their combinations of colors and designs are hardly naive. The surprises in the book are the contemporary works—vibrant abstractions such as Yvonne Porcella's *Ginza* (1984) and Michael James' *Rhythm Color: Bacchanale* (1986)—that indicate the evolution of this intensely communal craft into a personal art form.

In the late 15th century, the Russian state coalesced between the lands of the Tartars and the Lithuanians. Under Ivan III, its seat was Moscow and its heart the onion-domed fortress known as the Kremlin. Within this medieval city rose cathedrals and palaces teeming with frescoes of Christian martyrs and luxuriant icons, such as that of the Archangel Michael, fiery with gold and transcendent with righteousness. The store of imperial riches has only increased with time. **The Kremlin and Its Treasures** (Rizzoli; 356 pages; \$75) is a gilded album of Russian history recalled through the voluptuous chambers of the czars, the rococo throne of Catherine I and the spare, careful quarters of the Lenin family.

"In America," Stage Designer Boris Aronson once said, "you are a genius at 18 and finished at 30." Aronson seemed almost finished at 60, yet when he died at 80, in 1980, he was widely recognized as a genius. **The Theatre Art of Boris Aronson**, by Frank Rich with Lisa Aronson (Knopf; 323 pages; \$75), shows why. The authors (respectively, the drama critic of the *New York Times* and the artist's widow) use photos and Aronson's vivid sketches and paintings to document the bulk of his more than 100 designs, including Broadway's *The Crucible*, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Cabaret*, *Company*, *Follies* and *Pacific Overtures*. The authoritative text evokes the artist's crusty personality and analyzes his ability to make each project new and distinctive—in his word, a personal "rejuvenation." Quite a few of them also rejuvenated the American theater.

Two perfect slices of abalone, counterpointed with green and yellow radish, lie in the curve of an earthen bowl shaped like an open shell. This is the serene, luminous geometry of Japan: **The Beauty of Food** (Rizzoli; 175 pages; \$50). Photographer Reinhart Wolf was not satisfied with recording only the creations of eminent chefs. He foraged in food shops to assemble sake glasses made of dried octopus, a squad of chocolate sumo wrestlers, a bouquet of lollipops, kaleidoscopic cookies. Angela Terzani's text provides morsels of its own. Sushi lovers may be abashed to learn that they have not exactly touched the ancient soul of Japan: sushi was not a hit there until the 19th century.

Dance is the most mutable and ephemeral of the arts; photography records frozen moments of time. Paradoxically, many practitioners of the one have been fascinated by the other. **Dance and Photography**, by William A. Ewing (Henry Holt; 240 pages; \$50), is a collection of black-and-white photos tracing the history of that partnership, from rare daguerreotypes down to today's 35-mm snapshots. The focus of the collection is not on vanity icons of swan-necked ballerinas posing daintily in profile but on visions of grace and power. Two highlights: Max Waldman's grainy, lyrical image of Mikhail Baryshnikov rehearsing an impossibly bravura jeté and an anonymous, easy-does-it portrait of Fred Astaire hoofing his way through *Three Little Words*.

face of a lake, dive bombers plummeting to strike seaborne prey, bankers in tuxedos posing in comic solemnity at a social event on an ice floe. But the easy, intelligent prose of Authors Les Line, Kimball L. Garrett and Kenn Kaufman allows the real creatures—from the lava heron of the Galápagos to the bald eagle—to emerge from the metaphors in full dimension. Not all the faces are pretty. The fierce marabou stork of Africa needs 2 lbs. of meat a day, and often finds it in the carrion left by lions.

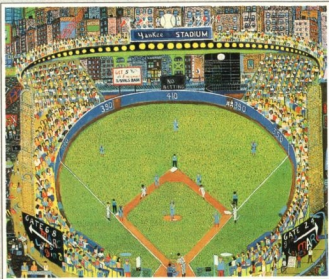
Tchaikovsky conducted there, 16-year-old Jascha Heifetz astonished its audiences, Arthur Rubinstein made his U.S. debut upon its stage. Yet classical concerts are only a part of Carnegie Hall's history. Audiences have been harangued

by Winston Churchill, diverted by Lenny Bruce and serenaded by Frank Sinatra, who observed that "performing in Carnegie Hall is like playing in the Super Bowl." These and many more celebrities make dazzling reappearances in Richard Schickel and Michael Walsh's **Carnegie Hall: The First 100 Years** (Abrams; 263 pages; \$49.50), a valentine by two TIME critics who are manifestly in love with the place that is synonymous with cultural life in America.

American blacks fled to Northern cities at the beginning of the 20th century fired with new dignity, purpose and activism. Black artists in particular took on the role of interpreters of their culture and made northern Manhattan a Paris for the "New Negro."

Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America (Abrams; 200 pages; \$35) documents this flowering, from the Paris-trained sculptor Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, who built her studio with her own hands, through Painter William H. Johnson, who renounced his academic style for a self-enforced primitivism, to James Van Der Zee, whose camera was witness to Harlem weddings, funerals and roaring good times.

If you are old enough to be amused by the notion of antique phony, you are old enough for **Radio: The Golden Age**, by Philip Collins (Chronicle; 119 pages; \$25, \$14.95 paper), an exaltation of those portable Emersons, Motorolas and Sonoras that fulfilled the American dream of bringing news and entertainment to every room of the house. Collins, an executive with Columbia Pictures and collector of highly stylized receivers of the '30s, '40s and '50s, has produced the nostalgic sleeper of the season. The photographs glow with a warmth and color that make one forget how often these little bijoux of popular culture were on the frit during the heyday of amplitude modulation. ■



Ralph Fasanella's *Night Game—Yankee Stadium, 1961*, from *Diamonds*

LESS THAN \$50

For baseball fans seeking spiritual sustenance to carry them through to spring training, the off-season's brightest offering is **Diamonds Are Forever** (Chronicle; 166 pages; \$35, \$18.95 paper), a beguiling sampler of photos, artworks and writings about the game. The prose excerpts are literary as well as journalistic (Roger Angell, Wilfrid Sheed, John Updike). The illustrations are less familiar: a haunting photo of a sandlot game by Joel Meyerowitz; the charming primitive canvases of Ralph Fasanella; more sophisticated images by such artists as Robert Gwathmey and Claes Oldenburg. At the heart of them all is that enduring diamond, evoked by Crime Novelist Robert Parker in a "bright green park, bathed in light, changeless and symmetrical, contained, exact, and endlessly different."

The Audubon Society Book of Water Birds (Abrams; 256 pages; \$35) presents enthralling photographs of creatures that seem made for metaphor. They are clouds hovering pink and white across the sur-

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Theater

In the Sweet, Funny By and By

OIL CITY SYMPHONY by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk and Mary Murfitt

In a pennant-festooned high school gymnasium in the imaginary Midwestern town of Oil City, four musicians who grandly call themselves the Oil City Symphony have come together for a reunion concert. There is Mark the pianist and accordionist, a geek with glasses in a white dinner jacket and purple slacks who is also the minister of music at his church; Debbie the drummer, an ex-prom queen in a strapless gown who exchanges one pink pump for a running shoe, the better

formers who wrote the show and some of the musical selections—Mark Hardwick and Debra Monk (who collaborated previously on the 1981 off-Broadway hit *Pump Boys and Dinettes*), Mary Murfitt and Mike Craver—are all Middle Americans by upbringing, not New York City wise guys. They've been there. When Debbie sings an ode to shopping malls and interstates called *Ohio Afternoon* ("Ohio fun... diesels dragging out on Highway 1"), she gets all misty. When



Down, funky and doing the hokey-pokey: Hardwick, Murfitt, Monk and Craver

to thump her bass drum; Mary the violinist, of stern Scandinavian stock, uptight, humorless and "best remembered locally for her performance as Anita in *West Side Story*"; and Mike the gentle, wistful synthesizer player who found himself during the 1967 Summer of Love and once played with an acid-rock band called Thursday's Grief. They are terribly earnest, terribly sincere and just plain terrible. If it really is hip to be square, the Oil City Symphony is further along the cutting edge than the Talking Heads.

Musical humor is no joke to perform, but it can be very funny, and *Oil City Symphony*, now playing at the downtown branch of Manhattan's Circle in the Square Theater, is very funny indeed. Whether grimly trying to keep up with the quickening abandon of a mock Hungarian czardas, or haplessly segueing from Verdi's "Anvil Chorus" to Iron Butterfly's *In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida*, or just getting down and funky with a little tune of their own called *Beaver Ball at the Bug Club*, the Oil City Symphony lets the good times roll, and in the process skewers every high school music program in the country.

But fondly. The accomplished per-

Mark and Mike have at a couple of *Zez Confrey* ivory ticklers like *Dizzy Fingers* and *Coaxing the Piano*, their doofus grins proclaim the triumph of diligent drudgery over inspiration. No wonder Miss Reeves, their music teacher, is beaming.

In this mock recital, everything is played for real. Seated on folding chairs on the gym floor, the spectators are treated as if they had been classmates in Oil City, and each night a different woman in the audience is—surprise!—showered with affection as "Miss Reeves." While it is easy to make fun of ineptitude, it's quite another thing to make it sweet and touching. When Debbie and Mary can get a seen-it-all, done-it-all Greenwich Village audience on its feet, unabashedly doing the hokey-pokey and, later, singing a tender, hushed chorus of Joseph P. Webster's 1868 pop-religious hit *Sweet By and By*, they deserve to be proud as punch. After the performance, in fact, they even serve punch in the lobby; right to the end, the joke is on us. "One thing that we've proved tonight, surely," says Mark, near the end of the show, "is that music never goes out of style." Not when it's played like this.

—By Michael Walsh

PIONEER
Not Evolutionary. Revolutionary.

Behavior



Home Is Where the Hurt Is

Wife beating among the well-to-do is no longer a secret

Mary never knew what would trigger her husband's rages. One evening he spotted rotting lettuce in the refrigerator. Furious, the Charlotte, N.C., bank executive threw her to the floor and jammed her head into the vegetable bin. Tami first found out about the dark side of her husband, a young California minister, when she placed a cassette into the tape player backward. Suddenly livid, he grabbed her by the hair and threw her against the wall. Recalls Sue Ellen, whose college-professor lover left her with broken bones in her face, hand and foot: "I was like a wounded animal. I crawled into a hole. It was so horrible I couldn't believe it."

Such stomach-churning domestic violence is a major cause of serious injury to American women each year. An estimated 2 million to 4 million women are beaten by husbands or boyfriends, more than are hurt in auto accidents, rapes or muggings. The FBI says that every four days a woman is beaten to death by a man she knows well. Despite comfortable stereotypes, the victims are hardly limited to uneducated or disadvantaged women. Many are from society's upper echelons. At least 10% of professional men beat their wives. One well-to-do victim: Charlotte Fedders, author of the recently published *Shattered Dreams* (Harper & Row; \$17.95). Her book is a harrowing account of her 17-year marriage to John Fedders, a former Securities and Exchange Commission official.

Abusive behavior can range from intense psychological intimidation—threats to limit physical freedom, withhold money or even kill family pets—to bone-shattering physical violence. Worse, in about half to two-thirds of such cases, the

mayhem spreads to children in the family. The death of seven-year-old Lisa Steinberg in New York City last month is widely believed to have been a result of beating by one or both of her adoptive parents. Experts think such violence is caused by stress, a history of abuse or an obsessive need for control. Says Author Fedders: "Rich men like to have the control at home that they get elsewhere. There's very little difference between the stress of a man climbing the corporate ladder and the stress on a guy who's out of work."

Middle-class battered women are likely to suffer their plight in dutiful silence. Says Psychologist Mary Donahue of Rockville,

Striking Back

Do wives batter their husbands?

Raw data from a nationwide 1985 study of family violence show that about as many women as men attack their spouse. But that is hardly the whole story. Experts believe that three-quarters of the violence engaged in by women is retaliatory. Also, because they are smaller, women are unlikely to inflict much damage. Moreover, observes Sociologist Mildred Daley Pagelow of California State University, when a woman is habitually violent, the man who lives with her "is not tied economically or through fear. He mostly needs psychological help."

Md.: "Often this is the quintessential good girl, bright, with some education, overprotected and without a particular career path." Generally such women give themselves over to their spouse's needs, subsuming their identities to their husband's—and often losing their self-esteem in the process. Invariably they blame themselves for their mate's abusive behavior. Once, when her physician-husband smacked her across the face, Amy, 30, of Brooklyn, N.Y., remembers saying, "Honey, let me give you a doughnut. Maybe you're hungry." Says she: "That was how far gone I was."

After the beating begins, affluent wives have a difficult time admitting the horror of their situation. "Wife abuse in the middle class is very hidden," says a 47-year-old woman who five years ago fled her violence-prone husband, the owner of an upstate New York automobile dealership. "I know of quite a few women who won't get out because they're afraid it will hurt their image or because they don't have the financial means." Some women manage to justify the beatings as a trade-off for status and security.

Even those who are not financially yoked to abusive mates are usually loath to leave. Although she had been sexually abused for months by her boyfriend, 29-year-old Nancy, now a California artists' representative, pretended that nothing was wrong. "Here I was supposed to be this strong, independent woman who subscribed to *Ms.* and carried around a briefcase. To admit it was to admit that I had failed as a businesswoman," she says.

Denial extends to affluent communities as well. Police are often easily intimidated by a husband's clout in the community. Doctors turn away well-off women in the mistaken belief that they are simply overwrought or exaggerating. When a Los Angeles woman who endured weekly beatings throughout a 31-year marriage finally confided in her physician, she says, "he just looked at me strangely and changed the subject. Professionals don't want to admit that they, as a group, are not perfect."

There are small signs that such attitudes are improving. The Charleston, S.C., police department, for example, now requires officers to arrest an abusive spouse even if the victim declines to press charges. To make the collar stick, the assailant is arrested at his place of work. "As long as he's assaulting her within their own little world, it can continue," says Police Chief Reuben Greenberg. "At work there's a social cost." Ultimately that public exposure may be the most effective deterrent to spouse abuse. "We have the right in the U.S. to peace and tranquility," says a former battered white-collar wife. "Yet for these women, home is the most dangerous place of all."

—By Anastasia Toulfex,
Reported by D. Blake Hallanan/New York and
Nancy Seufert/Los Angeles



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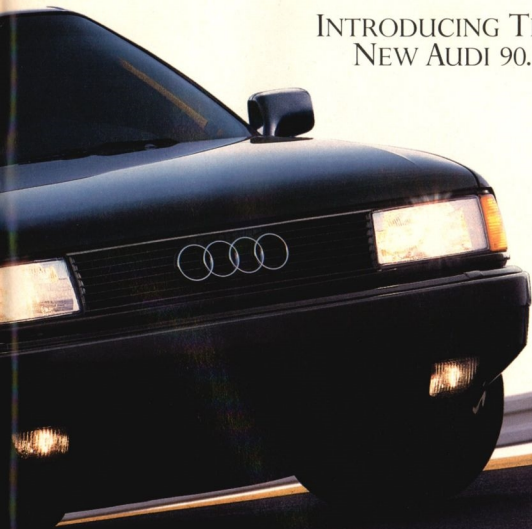


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Milestones

Violinist of the Century

Jascha Heifetz: 1901-1987

Oct. 27, 1917, was a warm Indian summer day in New York City, but every violinist of note within 200 miles of Manhattan's Carnegie Hall was in the audience to hear a 16-year-old named Jascha Heifetz. The program was light, but the performance was dazzling. Even in a golden age of fiddlers, no one had heard such flawless intonation or fantastic dexterity. Sitting beside his friend, Pianist Leopold Godowsky, Violinist Mischa Elman started furiously mopping his brow. "It's hot in here," he whispered. "Not for pianists," came the cheerful reply.

At his death last week at 86, Heifetz was, by acclamation, the greatest violinist of the century. During a career that spanned more than 60 years, he set the standard against which all others were measured. Stony of face and stern of mien, Heifetz cut a commanding figure onstage. The late author and musicologist Boris Schwarz, who knew Heifetz as a boy, described "the immobile stance, the unsmiling face showing his profile to the public, the violin held high and pushed far back, the bow arm with the elbow angled up, a minimum of fuss which disguised a maximum of self-discipline." There was no showboating with Heifetz, no wasted motion, no pandering to the peanut gallery.

Born in the Lithuanian city of Vilna, Heifetz was a spectacular prodigy. At the St. Petersburg Conservatory, he was the prize pupil of Leopold Auer, the father of



In 1950: "a minimum of fuss, a maximum of self-discipline"

the Russian-Jewish violin school that has dominated 20th century stages. During the turmoil of the Russian Revolution, Heifetz found his way to the U.S., made his triumphant debut in Carnegie Hall and stayed to settle. Before Heifetz, even the best violinists could get away with some slippery intonation and a few wrong notes here and there. Not after. Unlike a piano, the violin has no fixed tones; it is up to the player to find the exact spot on the fingerboard where the center of the note lies, and then to project it beguilingly with a firm, even stroke of the bow.

This Heifetz did better than anybody.

Early on, he was an active recording artist, and he surveyed practically the entire violin literature for RCA: salon pieces, sonatas, concertos, chamber music. The performances display all the famous Heifetz attributes of steely control, perfect tone and towering technique. Many of his records, including the Sibelius, Brahms and Beethoven concertos, rank among the finest ever.

For all his eminence, Heifetz was never a beloved figure. He was too intense, too private. He married twice and had three children. Even though he lived in California, he shunned the spotlight. Once he gave a party that was to start at 4 p.m. Precisely at that hour, the gates in front of his Beverly Hills home swung open, then closed again. Latecomers were out of luck. He seemed not only impersonal but imperturbable. In Israel in 1953 he was physically attacked because he had performed a work by the banned German composer Richard Strauss. Heifetz took the blow on his right hand and coolly went on to play his next concert the following day.

Inwardly, Heifetz's outlook was much darker. A prisoner of his own superhuman accomplishments, he became convinced that out of 2,000 people in one of his audiences, 1,999 had come to hear him play a wrong note. His public retirement came in 1972. The Garbo of the violin, he hated prying questions. Asked once why no one had ever written a biography of him, Heifetz replied, "Here is my biography. I played the violin at three and gave my first concert at seven. I have been playing ever since." It makes a sadly eloquent epitaph.

—By Michael Walsh

BORN. To Mariel Hemingway, 26, leggy film actress (*Manhattan*, *Personal Best*), and her husband, New York City Restaurateur **Stephen Crisman**, 37; their first child, a daughter; in Sun Valley, Idaho. Name: Dree Louise Crisman. Weight: 5 lbs. 2 oz.

STILL MISSING. Terry Anderson, 40, chief Middle East correspondent for the Associated Press, who completed 1,000 days as a hostage of a Shi'ite Muslim faction in Lebanon. Anderson, kidnapped in Beirut on March 16, 1985, was remembered in a ceremony on Capitol Hill.

RETIRING. John Krol, 77, Roman Catholic cardinal and forceful Archbishop of Philadelphia for 27 years, who announced he will step down in February. A staunchly conservative Polish-American bishop, Krol was instrumental in the election of Pope John Paul II, and has retained close

ties with him. He will be succeeded by Pittsburgh Bishop Anthony Bevilacqua, 64, who is considered equally conservative on church doctrine.

RETIRED. John Poindexter, 51, rear admiral and former National Security Adviser, who claimed he had protected President Reagan from "political embarrassment" by never informing him that profits from U.S. arms sales to Iran were being diverted to the *contras* in Nicaragua; from the Navy after 29 years of service; at a pension of \$52,764 a year. He is considered a likely target for indictment in the investigation headed by Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh.

DIED. Slam Stewart, 73, jazz bassist whose 1938 recording *Flat Foot Floogie* with Guitarist Slim Gaillard brought the pair immense popularity; in Binghamton, N.Y. Stewart, who also played with Pia-

nist Art Tatum and recorded stunning duets with Saxophonist Don Byas, developed a technique in which he hummed the melody an octave above his bowed solos.

DIED. Rouben Mamoulian, 90, innovative film and stage director who helped introduce mobile cameras and multiple-channel sound tracks in movies and who pioneered the integration of songs into a dramatic whole in the Broadway musical *Oklahoma!* in 1943; in Los Angeles. Often more of an artistic than a commercial success, the Russian-born Mamoulian came to the U.S. in the early 1920s and eventually directed such stars as Fredric March (*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*), Greta Garbo (*Queen Christina*) and Gary Cooper (*City Streets*). Too bold for some producers, he once insisted that "if you feel an insane idea strongly enough, you've usually got something."

Art

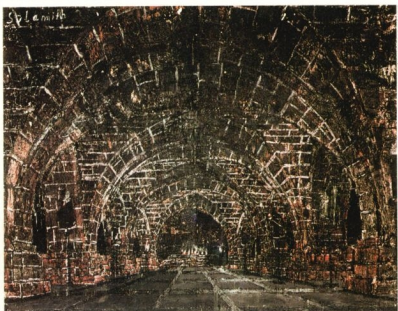
Germany's Master in The Making

Anselm Kiefer paints dense works that rise to greatness

It seems from Anselm Kiefer's retrospective, which has just opened at the Art Institute of Chicago, that at 42 this German artist is the best painter of his generation on either side of the Atlantic. Given most of the talent we have, this may not sound like much of a compliment. Certainly Kiefer's limitations are inescapable: his drawing lacks fluency and clarity and his color is monotonous, though the former seems to reinforce the grinding earnestness of his style and the latter contributes to its lugubrious intensity. What counts, is that he is one of the few visual artists in the past decade to have shown an unmistakable greatness of vision.

His ambitions for painting range across myth and history, they cover an immense terrain of cultural reference and pictorial techniques, and on the whole they do it without the megalomaniac narcissism that fatally trivializes the work of other artists to whom Kiefer is sometimes compared—Julian Schnabel, for instance. Kiefer bears, in full measure, the tragic sense and redemptive hope against which most of the art of our fin de siècle has insulated itself, and his stature can only grow with time. Which is not to say, of course, that all his work is of equal value.

The Chicago show was organized by the



Shulamite, 1983: tragic sense, redemptive hope and ambitions ranging across history

late A. James Speyer (from 1961 to 1986 the Art Institute's curator of 20th century painting) and Mark Rosenthal of the Philadelphia Museum, who wrote its catalog. It will travel through 1988 to Philadelphia, Los Angeles and New York City. An hour at it can be a fairly exhausting experience, like a slog toward a receding horizon across the plowed clay fields that are Kiefer's favorite landscape. His canvases are huge in size and engulfing in scale; he is, one notes, one of the few artists around who really do understand the scale of images and do not paint big just to look important.

A list of his materials, apart from paint, would include paper, staples, canvas, rough foil formed by throwing a bucket of molten lead on the canvas and letting it cool there, sand, gold leaf, copper wire, woodcuts and lumps of busted ceramic. It is highly unlikely that more than a few will survive for 50 or even 25 years. Kiefer car-

ries a disregard for the permanence of his materials to such an extreme that the lead will not stay in place and the straw on some canvases is already rotting, though this does not seem to discourage collectors.

The subjects of his art include Egyptian legends, alchemy, the Cabala, the Holocaust, the story of Exodus, Napoleon's occupation of Germany, Albert Speer's architecture, the mythic roots and Nazi uses of German romantic imagery—dark woods, lonely travelers, ecstatic moral conversions in the face of nature—and much more besides. Among Kiefer's spiritual heroes are Richard Wagner, Frederick II, Joseph Beuys, Painters Arnold Böcklin and Caspar David Friedrich and Novelist Robert Musil. Kiefer is not an artist of ordinary ambitions. But his ambitions are not bound up in the cult of celebrity that has ridden the art world in the '80s. He shuns publicity, permits virtually no photographs and spends most of his time behind the locked gates of his studio in the unremarkable German town of Buchen. "Live like a bourgeois, think like a god"—if any painter has taken Gustave Flaubert's famous injunction to heart, it is Kiefer.

In this, of course, he is utterly different from his mentor, Joseph Beuys, who taught him at the Düsseldorf Academy in the early '70s. Lecturing, performing, always accessible to the young (and the press), Beuys was the Pied Piper of post-war German esthetic renewal. One does not need to accept his message that everyone is some sort of artist to recognize his achievement in giving back to Kiefer's generation the vast fund of German imagery, the sense of the primordial and the ritual that had been corrupted, made almost radioactive, by Nazism. Thanks to Beuys, younger German artists were able to connect with their own history and think about it without illusion, and Kiefer's work



The Book, 1979-85: here pages of lead, elsewhere straw, sand and busted ceramics

is the fruit of that process.

But Kiefer's work is, in a sense, much more traditional than Beuys'. He is the modern incarnation of the grand-scale history painter, producing didactic machines rather than the ephemeral and koan-like events (talking to a dead hare, sweeping a pavement) that were Beuys' specialty. Kiefer wants to involve his audience completely in the drama of the painting's construction; in this respect, he has learned a lot from the example of Jackson Pollock. As when deciphering the web of drips and mottlings in one of Pollock's "all-over" abstractions, the eye crawls its way across a Kiefer, mesmerized by detail: every square centimeter of those giant canvases is intended, somehow, to speak. What they were saying, particularly in the '70s and early '80s, was so literal that his German critics often got it quite wrong.

Some treat his reflections on Nazism not as a walk around the rim of the deepest spiritual crater in European history, but as a modish and sinister nostalgia for Hitler. What other motives, the argument goes, can you assign to a painter who at 24 was photographed *Sieg heil*-ing outside the Colosseum or on the edge of the sea, as though "occupying" these sites in the name of the dead Führer? Plenty, as it turned out. The shot of Kiefer saluting the Mediterranean is an acid parody, the Nazi as Canute trying to raise himself to the level of a natural force. But this eludes those who want to think that the demons raised in Nazi Germany can be buried by mere denial, beneath the concrete of the postwar economic miracle.

The ghosts come out anyway; and it is Kiefer's project to lay them by showing their relations to the real cultural history of Germany, bitterly polluted by Nazi appropriation. When Kiefer paints a Nazi monument, such as the Mosaic Room in Hitler's Chancellery in Berlin, designed by Speer, he also evokes by implication the noble tradition of German neoclassicism that Speer froze and vulgarized. His charred, plowed landscapes, their heavy paint mixed with straw, are real agricultural terrain, but they are also frontier, no-man's land, graveyard and the biblical desert of Exodus.

What may be Kiefer's most humanly poignant cluster of images was provoked by *Death Fugue*, a poem written in a German concentration camp by Paul Celan, which runs in part:

death is a master from Germany
his eyes are blue
he strikes you with leaden bullets
his aim is true...
he plays with the serpents and
daydreams death is a master
from Germany
your golden hair Margarete
your ashen hair Shulamite

Margarete, the blond personification of ideal German womanhood, and Shulamite, the cremated Jewess who is also the archetypal



The reclusive artist

typical Beloved of the Song of Solomon, interweave in Kiefer's work in a haunting and oblique way. Margarete's presence is signaled, like a motif in music, by long wisps of golden straw, while Shulamite's emblem is charred substance and black shadow. Hence Kiefer's tragic image of *Shulamite*, 1983: a Piranesian perspective of a squat, fire-blackened crypt, the paint laid thick in an effort to convey the ruggedness of

the masonry, whose architectural source (as Mark Rosenthal points out in his astute introduction to the difficulties of Kiefer's work) was a Nazi "Funeral Hall for the Great German Soldiers" built in Berlin in 1939. At the end of this claustrophobic dungeon-temple is a small fire on a raised altar, the Holocaust itself.

Not all of Kiefer's allegories work with such clarity. When he felt the urge to be didactic ten or so years ago, he could

an instruction manual to decipher it.

Where Kiefer rises to greatness is in his simpler and less conceptually turgid images like *The Book*, 1979-85, and *Ostris and Isis*, 1985-87. The former takes as its point of departure one of the canonical images of German Romanticism, Friedrich's *Monk by the Sea*, 1808—a tiny figure contemplating infinity, culture lost before the magnitude of nature. In Kiefer's painting this is almost reversed; the main motif is a lead book without writing, its silvery pages full of light and as big as a medieval hymnal, an object as imposing as the seascape behind it. Is this the Book of Creation? Of Revelation? The unnamable form of God?

Even more impressive is *Ostris and Isis*. According to Egyptian mythology, the god Osiris was murdered and dismembered by his brother Set. All the parts of his body except the penis were then reassembled for burial by his sister-wife Isis, so that he could have eternal life. An immense liturgy of transformation grew from this myth, and Kiefer uses it to connect primal fertility rites to the no less awful mysteries of nuclear technology. The painting is filled by a gi-



In the mastaba as atomic pile, death and integration: *Ostris and Isis*, 1985-87

be remarkably opaque. *Ways of Worldly Wisdom*, 1976-77, attempts to create a whole genealogy of German nationalism starting with Arminius, who in A.D. 9 wrecked Augustus Caesar's policy of German occupation by destroying three Roman legions in the Teutoburg Forest. As a primal hero of German history, Arminius was a great Nazi favorite, but here Kiefer conflates him with awkward portraits of all manner of later German "descendants" like Blücher, who fought against Napoleon; Schlieffen, whose strategy for the westward conquest of Europe was the basis of Hitler's blitzkrieg; writers from Klopstock to Rilke, and so on. Lines signifying affiliation, as in a family tree (a whole family forest, in fact, this Teutoburg), ramble slackly between some of the characters. Pictorially, the result is a shambles, and one needs

gantic step-pyramid, the site of Osiris' burial but also, by implication, a nuclear reactor. Osiris' body parts are ceramic fragments scattered at the base, each wired by bright copper cable to his ka, or soul, at the summit of the mastaba, represented by a circuit board. Death and integration: fission and fusion. Through such metaphors, Kiefer sets forth images charged with warning and suffused with hope.

His work is a ringing and deeply engaged rebuke—clumsy sometimes, and bathetic when it fails, but usually as pictorially brilliant as it is morally earnest—to the ingrained limitations of its time. It sets its face against the sterile irony, the despair of saying anything authentic about history or memory in paint, and against the general sense of trivial pursuit that infests our culture. It is a victory for the moral imagination. —By Robert Hughes

Cinema

Slumming in the Lower Shallows

IRONWEED Directed by Hector Babenco; Screenplay by William Kennedy

Poor Francis Phelan. Once he was something like "the Natural," an infielder for the Washington Senators, good glove man, top-of-the-lineup smile, tough as Ty Cobb sliding into second with his spikes flaring at the shortstop's groin. When baseball stardom eluded Francis,

he tried being a husband to Annie—best kisser in Albany—and a father to Billy and Peg. That didn't work out either, so he hit the road and fell into the arms of Helen Archer, a singer who became a sod. There was some trouble with the law too: that scab he had killed, and a life on the run that has finally slowed to a stumble. Now Francis is an alcoholic hobo on the sad side of 50. He wanders the Albany streets on a Halloween night in 1938, cadging free meals and hoping to make his peace with the phantoms who beckon to him from every trolley seat, backyard and yawning grave. So many lives behind him, and so many deaths. A man just wants to rock himself to sleep and not wake up.

William Kennedy's novel *Ironweed* was 227 pages of the DTs, a funny boo-hoo ramble through Nighttown, an interior dialogue between Francis and his ghosts. It won a Pulitzer Prize and a healthy audience for the other novels (*Legs* and *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game*) in Kennedy's Albany trilogy, with its wry poetic naturalism. The bums in *Ironweed* were not noble, but they had their own

gravely, poignant voices. The family Francis left behind was ordinary as linoleum, but their emptiness left a sympathetic ache in the reader's gut. Francis was drab and cramped on the outside, that husk of a booze-wracked body, but he didn't live there. He came to life inside,



A hobo's lullaby for two lost souls: Nicholson and Streep

with way too many other people—the loves, enemies and chances he had lost—in the decaying mansion of his memories. What a lovely movie might dwell there!

Not this one. Not even with Hollywood's premier actor-stars, Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep, as Francis and Helen. And not even with Kennedy writing the screenplay. He must have known that

the novel's sour, allusive poetry—part James Joyce, part James T. Farrell—would get lost in translation to the screen. He must have realized that Francis' life is significant not for what he does but for what he dreams and fears. But a movie like this, which concentrates on mundane plot, can only show, not reveal. As directed by Hector Babenco (*Pixote*, *Kiss of the Spider Woman*), *Ironweed* lurks outside Francis' soul, like a tramp at a suburban window, permitting only dumb speculation on his fertile inner life. His ghosts are

white-faced extras; his trek up Calvary becomes one long trudge toward oblivion. The movie provides a mug shot instead of an X ray.

Streep is always entertaining to watch, even when, as here, she looks like a debutante holidaying among the homeless. Both she and Helen are, after all, Vassar girls, and she bears herself with the shambling dignity of a gentlemanwoman trying to maintain moral equilibrium while on the skids. But Streep's role is small. Nicholson must carry the film, and it is no fair burden. In one or two other films, this sexy, daredevil performer has renounced his star quality, tamped his radiance, sat on his capacious charm, as if this were a higher form of acting. It is not. Pudgy and hollow-eyed, Nicholson gives the viewer no reason to follow Francis into the cemetery of all souls. But the actor is to be blamed only in believing that this role, robbed of its festered spiritual vitality, could ever come to instructive life. That life teems in the pages of Kennedy's novel—an American *Lower Depths*. This *Ironweed* is the lower shallows.

—By Richard Corliss

Chekhovian Sketchwork

SEPTEMBER

The trouble with most great comic figures is that they are desperate to be loved. Woody Allen has the opposite problem: people are desperate to love him, and that perturbs his essentially wary and austere nature. Every so often he makes a so-called serious film, as if to test his own integrity and perhaps that of his audience's feelings. When he does, astonishment and disappointment are his unfair rewards.

September, which Allen

wrote and directed, is one of these sticky wickets. After a summer, six people prepare to take their leave of a country house owned by the quakingly vulnerable Lane (Mia Farrow). They include her mother (Elaine Stritch), a bruising emotional bully; her stepfather (Jack Warden), who is a noisy irrelevancy; a neighbor (Denholm Elliott) who expresses love by being socially obliging; a best friend (Dianne Wiest) who is obscurely tense; and Peter (Sam Waterston), the ad man who rented the guest cottage on the property and then failed in two obvious duties: he didn't finish the novel he intended to write there, and he

didn't fall in love with his landlady.

The role of Peter is exceedingly well written, and Waterston reaches the heights of shiftness at precisely those moments when he most openly proclaims



A certain grace: Farrow

his emotions. But all these people are relentlessly and statically articulate, especially when they are obscuring motives from themselves and one another. The humor of their humorlessness is often Chekhovian, and the flow of Allen's camera and cutting, together with the elegance of Cinematographer Carlo Di Palma's light, grants them a certain grace and dignity. But sometimes the members of this precious circle are too glibly elucidated; other times they are backed away from silently. In *September*, Allen is sketching when he means to be etching.

—By Richard Schickel

Show Business

Holly Hunter Takes Hollywood

In Broadcast News, a dynamo sprite seizes stardom

It's dawn in the Midwest, and Jane Craig, network-news producer on location, is already hard at work. She jogs outside her motel past a phalanx of newspaper machines and buys a copy of every available paper. She phones her colleagues awake in other motel rooms—thank heaven, two of them are married, saves a call. She indulges a pal's dead-on impression of Arnold Schwarzenegger. Then she unplugs the phone, sits on her bed and has a good cry: heaving shoulders, racking sobs, a face contorted into a bruised fist, a doll in tears because no one will buy her. Is this person in control? Perfectly. There is no wasted motion or emotion in this petite dynamo. Jane has simply, in the words of the actress who portrays her, "penciled in times to cry."

Holly Hunter touches all of Jane's moods—funny, flinty, vulnerable, bizarrely controlled—before the opening credits of Writer-Director James L. Brooks' *Broadcast News* are concluded. At first, this protean display seems the equivalent of a Save the Children billboard on Sunset Strip: "Won't someone please nominate this girl for an Oscar?" But Hunter, 29 and 5 ft. 2 in., is no late entry in the prima donna sweepstakes. She is a hardcrabble sprite from Conyers, Ga., a dues payer from off-Broadway (Beth Henley's *The Miss Firecracker Contest*) and off-Hollywood (Joel and Ethan Coen's *Raising Arizona*) whose only eccentricity, says Joel Coen, "is how easy she is to work with." She has built a boutique gallery of daft characters: nymphets and star children who swagger like cowgirls. And now she stars in the most coveted role in the year's smartest entertainment. When *Broadcast News* opens this week, Hollywood will stop asking (as Brooks did two days before he hired her) "Who is Holly Hunter?" and start demanding "Get me Holly Hunter!"

In Brooks' beguilingly skeptical romance, Jane is the Lois Lane of the '80s, a newswoman whose affections are torn between a Clark Kent reporter (Albert Brooks) and a flawed Superman-anchorman (William Hurt). The male leads had long been cast, but until just before rehearsals, Jim Brooks was still looking for his "little steamroller." Debra Winger, who had shone in his



This week's hot prospect in a rare moment of Los Angeles repose. "She gives it everything. She floors it and goes till she drops."

Terms of Endearment, was pregnant and unavailable. Sigourney Weaver, Mary Beth Hurt, Christine Lahti, Judy Davis—all were fine, but nobody was right.

Then Hunter stepped into the glass slipper. "Why should I be nervous?" she recalls thinking as she walked into a Manhattan hotel suite to meet Jim Brooks and Bill Hurt. "There was no way in hell I was going to get this role." Within moments, Brooks thought otherwise. "She read her part like a dream," he says. "No, wait, I'm building legends here. She read better than a dream. She read like a gifted actress." And once this non-star got the part, she assumed a control and drive worthy of Jane. "The best thing in her is that Holly never questioned that this was

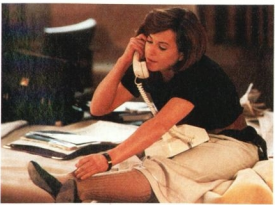
exactly where she should be," Brooks observes. "She gives it everything all the time. She floors it and goes till she drops."

She has been going since she started, the youngest of seven children on a beef and hay farm in the Atlanta suburbs. "The house is real sequestered away from people," says Hunter in a lilting twang punctuated by the occasional dadgummit. "The farm isn't groomed—there's a kind of wildness to the place. It's beautiful, a little Nirvana down there." Holly was the willful tomboy. "My father did not approve of my learning to drive a tractor," she says, "which is probably why I'm so stubborn. He made the rules, and I broke them. But, like everyone who grows up on a farm, I got a working knowledge of life and death and what goes on in between. Cats get bitten by snakes, dogs get run over—and then a calf is born. It's healthy to see the life cycle going on around you."

Holly began acting in the ninth grade because "the people who were involved in this drama stuff seemed like a pretty happening group. The teacher seemed real fun. So I signed up."

After four years in the theater program at Carnegie-Mellon University, Hunter hit New York City. One day, hurrying to audition for a Beth Henley play, she met the author in a stalled elevator, and a few weeks later Henley signed Hunter to replace Mary Beth Hurt in *Crimes of the Heart* on Broadway. "She picks up a script of mine, and it becomes alive," says Henley. "Holly and I share a Southern sensibility: that joyous-despairing view of life."

These days, Hunter has little reason to despair, and no time for a penciled-in cry. In *Raising Arizona* she earned the usual critical raves as canny, resilient Ed McDonough, lullabying her purloined baby to sleep with a grotesquely poignant backwoods ballad. (Holly chose the Charlie Monroe song herself.) She is happy to keep her private life—which she shares with Photographer John Raffo—private. And Hunter, whose goal was always "to be one of the really respected stage actresses," doesn't mind juggling her newfound fame with rehearsals for a Los Angeles production of Sam Shepard's *A Lie of the Mind*. She still loves the stage: "It's so enticing and dangerous. It's human. It might be a bad night, or it might be magic, electrifying, unforgettable." The lure of movie stardom goes both ways too. When Holly Hunter's around, you can bet on magic. —By Richard Corliss, Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles



No wasted emotion: Hunter on the job as Newswoman Jane Craig

Profile

ARMS AND THE MAN

PAUL NITZE, trim and silver-maned, not only looks the part of the wise elder statesman but also plays it to a fare-thee-well, especially in the crucial arena of nuclear weapons

He was a canny and successful Wall Street investment banker while still in his 20s, a yuppie before his time. But in 1937, at the age of 30, Paul Nitze experienced a Saul-on-the-road-to-Damascus conversion. He took a leave from the firm of Dillon, Read & Co. to tour his family's ancestral homeland, Germany. Deeply disturbed by what he saw of Adolf Hitler's rule, he returned home—but not to the world of high finance and private wealth. Instead, he went back to his alma mater, Harvard, to study history, sociology and philosophy: "There were big issues, big questions, big problems in the world. I wanted to come to terms with them. I couldn't do that making money."

So Nitze threw himself into the great debates of the past half-century over how America should use its power and cope with its enemies. He is one of the last of a breed of patriotic policymakers who, immediately after World War II, helped rebuild Western Europe with the Marshall Plan and defend it by establishing the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. And last week Nitze, who turns 81 in January, hovered in the background like the spirit of summits past.

With his full head of silver hair, his impeccably tailored pinstripe suits and his still trim figure, he certainly looked the part of the quintessential elder statesman. But he is no mere ornament in this, the seventh of the Administrations he has served. "I've advised every President since Roosevelt," said Nitze last week. "And all, to some extent, have sought and taken that advice." That pointedly includes Ronald Reagan. As special adviser to the President and Secretary of State for Arms Control, Nitze played a key, sometimes controversial part in crafting last week's treaty on intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF). He was chairman of the high-level American "working group" on arms control during the summit. And he is embroiled in a fierce struggle to bring about a much more ambitious strategic-arms agreement next year.

Nitze has devoted much of his life to public service in part because he could afford to. He came from a well-to-do family, and his wife of 34½ years, Phyllis, who died in June, was an heiress of the Standard Oil fortune. In addition to having a few silver spoons come his way, he had something of a Midas touch. He was a wunderkind of the investment-

banking world in the 1930s—"the last man hired on Wall Street before the Crash," he says with a wry smile—and later helped develop the Aspen, Colo., resort where he plans to take some of his eleven grandchildren skiing in two weeks. (Nitze has two sons and two daughters; there is also one great-grandchild so far, but at age three he is not yet up to the intermediate slopes that Nitze favors.) On his 1,900-acre farm in Maryland, which produces corn, soybeans, wheat, cattle, pigs and sheep, he keeps 16 horses and rides on weekends. He owns a summer house on an island in Maine, where he played tennis almost every day last August. Serious tennis. Once, a much younger man whom Nitze had just trounced in singles asked him how he kept so fit at his age. "My body," he replied, "does what I tell it to."

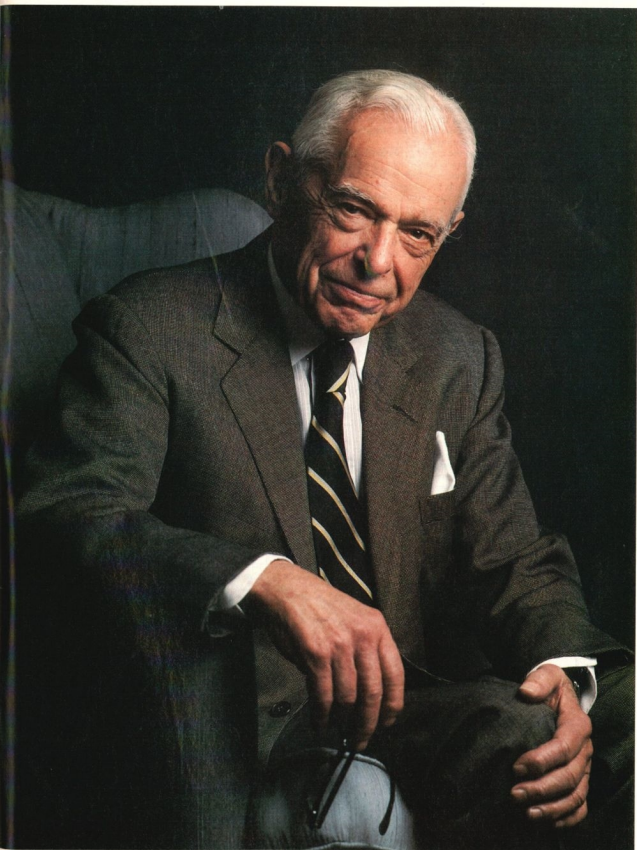
When his mind told him to go back to Harvard nearly 50 years ago, he threw himself into the study of the piano and developed an enduring passion for Bach. For years afterward he would relax by playing the partitas. He found himself fascinated by such scholars as the sociologist Pitirim Sorokin, a Russian émigré who saw ominous parallels between Nazism and Soviet Communism. Nitze shared that lesson with his mentor, Dillon, Read's president James Forrestal, who later became the nation's first—and most obsessively anti-Communist—Secretary of Defense. Forrestal brought Nitze to Washington to work for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1940. Ronald Reagan played George Gipp in *Knute Rockne, All American* that year, and Mikhail Gorbachev was nine years old.

In 1946, as part of a group of American observers who stood in the rubble of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Nitze contemplated the implications of the atom bomb for the post-war world. His conclusion: once the Soviets got their own bomb, they might use it as an instrument of political intimidation and perhaps of war; to deter Soviet aggression, the U.S. would have to build up its own conventional and nuclear military strength. That has been the nub of his message to his countrymen ever since.

In March 1983 Ronald Reagan described the Soviet Union as "the focus of evil in the modern world." Harsh words, but no harsher than what Nitze said in 1950 in a report to Harry Truman called National Security Council Directive No. 68, one of the seminal documents of the cold war ("The Kremlin is inescapably militant"). Nitze supervised the preparation of NSC-68 as director of the State Department's policy planning staff. His desk was only a conference room away from that of his friend and boss, Secretary of State Dean Acheson. His office in Foggy Bottom today, its walls decorated with memorabilia and impressionist art, is almost as close to George Shultz's.

Another Reagan theme—that the U.S. is losing the arms race with the Soviet Union and that the Kremlin could wage a pre-emptive attack against the U.S.—is one that Nitze has been sounding for more than 30 years. Much of his life has been a Paul Revere's ride to alert America that the Russians are coming. NSC-68 predicted that by 1954 the Soviets would have enough nuclear-armed bombers to "seriously damage this country" by striking "swiftly and with stealth." These were more than just words to Nitze. At his Maryland farm there is a bomb shelter, which for years he kept stocked with emergency provisions.

In 1957 Nitze was an author of the so-called Gaither report to Dwight Eisenhower, which warned that within two years the Soviets would be able to carry out a "disarming attack" against "our deterrent power." That alarm



Profile

helped John F. Kennedy proclaim the "missile gap" in his campaign against Richard Nixon. Nitze, an adviser to Kennedy, was rewarded with a Pentagon appointment, first as an Assistant Secretary of Defense, then as Secretary of the Navy. During the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, he was at the heart of the action as a member of J.F.K.'s ad hoc Executive committee.

Despite his emphasis on the growing military threat from Moscow, Nitze has long believed that "working the problem" of the Soviet challenge also requires dogged and imaginative diplomacy. As a result, he has occasionally aroused the suspicion and enmity of the right. The McCarthyite press attacked him in the early '50s because of his association with the "Red Dean," Acheson, and Republican Senator Barry Goldwater and Democratic Senator Strom Thurmond tried, in vain, to prevent his confirmation to the Navy job a decade later.

Centrist Republicans, however, regarded Nitze—a Democrat since 1952—as an asset to bipartisan foreign policy. In 1969 Nixon personally asked Nitze to help launch the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. He played a key part in negotiating the SALT I treaty of 1972 and worked on SALT II until he resigned in 1974, accusing Nixon of making too many concessions for the sake of an agreement that might save his embattled presidency from the effects of the Watergate scandal.

Nitze was an early supporter of Jimmy Carter for President. But their relationship turned sour when Nitze gave Carter a hair-raising briefing on the Soviet threat in Plains, Ga., in July 1976. Recalling that meeting, the former President told TIME, "Nitze was typically know-it-all. He was arrogant and inflexible. His own ideas were sacred to him. He didn't seem to listen to others, and he had a doomsday approach."

Carter barred him from consideration for a senior post.

Nitze seemed to take his revenge against his former friends and colleagues who fared better in the new Administration. One was Paul Warnke, who had worked closely with Nitze in the Pentagon during Lyndon Johnson's presidency. When Warnke was nominated to be Carter's chief arms-control negotiator, Nitze savaged him in congressional testimony, impugning his integrity and patriotism. In 1979, as a founder and leading spokesman for the Committee on the Present Danger, Nitze did more than any other single individual to block ratification of the SALT II treaty, although today Nitze says he was merely trying to promote a "dialogue on the pros and cons of the treaty."

Some of Nitze's longtime acquaintances see a pattern to what might seem like vindictive behavior. Says Ralph Earle, a lawyer who worked with Nitze in the Pentagon—and against him during the battle over SALT II: "When he is an insider, he is part of the solution to the challenge of arms control; when he is an outsider, he is part of the problem—an implacable obstructionist." Warnke argues that Nitze illustrates a corollary to Lord Acton's famous adage: "Power corrupts, but the loss of power corrupts absolutely." Nitze rejects and resents the charge: "On a number of occasions in my career I have

quit jobs when I disagreed with policy. I'm not just interested in being part of the Government; I'm interested in the Government being right."

Nitze's opposition to SALT II earned him favor with the Reagan camp in 1980, and in the next year he was made chief negotiator for the INF talks, giving him an opportunity to become part of the solution again. A number of proponents of arms control hailed the appointment, including some who had felt the sting of Nitze's denunciatory passion. Predicted Warnke six years ago: "Paul Nitze will force this Administration to make progress in spite of itself."

Some of the more doctrinaire opponents of arms control in the Administration feared that Warnke might be right. Richard Perle, whom Nitze brought to Washington in the late '60s and who served as an Assistant Secretary of Defense until earlier this year, remarked, "Paul is an inveterate problem solver." He did not mean it as a compliment. Nitze, however, took it as one, and he has lived up to Perle's apprehensions.

In 1982 he embarked on one of the most extraordinary episodes of creative insubordination in the annals of diplomacy. He entered a covert and unauthorized negotiation—within-the-negotiation with his Soviet counterpart in the INF talks, Yuli Kvitinsky. During a stroll in a forest outside Geneva, the famous "walk in the woods," they reached a tentative compromise. Back in Washington, Perle and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger led a successful campaign to repudiate the deal and reprimand Nitze.

When Reagan met with Gorbachev at Reykjavik in 1986, Nitze headed the U.S. delegation in an all-night negotiating session. It produced important breakthroughs in the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START), the Reagan Administration's attempt to improve on the much maligned SALT process. The encounter was, says Nitze, "one of the most exciting experiences of my life—and potentially one of the most productive." Nitze believes a START agreement may be possible, perhaps in time to be signed at a Reagan-Gorbachev summit in Moscow next year—but only if the U.S. is willing to accept some limits on the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars.

Nitze's advocacy of compromise on SDI has exposed him once again to fire from right-wing Senators and to blasts from the conservative press. The attacks are eerily reminiscent of the ones against him in the early '50s and '60s, and they have been painful to the proud old hawk. "It's no fun and damned unfair being depicted as a giveaway artist," he confided to a colleague recently.

Reagan has grown wary of Nitze's desire to cut a deal on SDI, so much so that the President passed him over for the directorship of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency despite a recommendation from George Shultz. Even so, Nitze's principal opponents within the Administration, Weinberger and Perle, have resigned. That leaves Paul Nitze on the inside, and who knows? Perhaps next year there will be one more opportunity to "work the problem" of arms control, one more chance to be part of the spirit of a superpower summit.

—By Strobe Talbot

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